

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1858.

THE DAUGHTER.

BY GRACE THALMON.

IN primitive times the daughters of our American families were very unlike those of the present day. Then the young lady of ample means skillfully assisted in domestic labors as an honor and requisite to her life; fashioned, with intricate labor, numerous articles for household appropriation, or for ornament—as counterpanes, bed-testers, samplers, fire-screens, lace veils, ruffles, vandykes, et cetera; played the harp or harpsichord; read the Spectator, Scott's Lessons, and works of a few other standard English authors; studied the key-sheet, consonants and vowels, the four simple rules of arithmetic, the Bible and catechism; traveled "journeys" of a few miles on pillioned horses; and in other kindred matters was a proficient.

Sometimes, probably most often, the daughter was not only perfectly apt at all kinds of domestic labors, but could help at certain light employments of out of doors, when required; gathered, annually, quantities of berries, fruits, and nuts; spun and wove webs and webs of stuffs for family use; knit scores of clocked hose and mittens of yarn made and colored by her own hands; put together caps for her mother's head, and indeed all kinds of garments for each member of the family; festooned the summers and windows of her house with strings of apple and peppers; attended singing, spelling, and day schools—the latter but sparsely; and also a variety of "bees," parties, quiltings, and the like. These young girls were usually faithful, industrious, cheerful, and happy. In all classes of life the daughter recognized and practiced one first, governing law of her existence—implicit obedience to her parents and teachers, and reverence for all elder people.

"'T was impious then—so much was age revered—
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appeared."
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But even in those "good, old days," young people had their errors and follies of act, speech, and dress, which it is unnecessary to describe.

The present theme is the daughter of to-day. And in these strictures upon the character of young ladies we refer to the majority, not being unaware that there are honorable exceptions in every position in society. One of this class of daughters which we propose to consider, early acquires the idea that it is not genteel, nay, it is disgraceful to perform manual labor, even as a coadjutor to her friends. More especially it is not agreeable to her to come down from the romantic flights of poetry, piano music, piccadilly work and parlor philosophy, to mere coarse, commonplace, carking, care-wearing drudgery. If her parents are so situated that her mother must bear this burden, she is not willing to assist, for fear of spoiling her hands and roughening her nature generally. She consoles her occasional twinges of conscience with the thought that her mother has always been used to it; while she was not brought up to work. This is true. The fault is most attributable to her home education. Such daughters are trained by their mothers to do nothing, only what is fashionable and agreeable to their own wayward impulses. But no young lady ought to permit the education provided for her by kind and indulgent parents, to unfit her for being a blessing and comfort to them, when she returns to the domestic roof. At this period of her life it should be her first object to prepare herself to be useful in her paternal home, and also for that prospective home of her own, to which she may be called at no distant day.

The absolutely-indispensable knowledge of domestic affairs, which is the duty of every lady to possess, whether with a prospect of wealth or not, she can in no way so well acquire as under the considerate care of the mother or the friend who sustains a similar position toward her, and at that

season before the responsibilities and trials of life are inevitable and often overpowering. But the majority of our young ladies defer this, to them, uncongenial part of education, till obliged to know and practice something of the dreaded affairs. Their mothers sometimes ask them to assist in household labors, in which they, perhaps, reluctantly join. But after a few spasmodic attempts these are usually abandoned in disgust.

Occasionally it chances that the daughter is seized with a new impulse to learn how "to keep house." She has seen, or heard, or read something, that has operated as an impetus to some domestic resolutions which were long since framed and as soon forgotten. She *will* learn how to cook. She will make a plum cake! This is her idea of "keeping house." Forthwith she determines on a grand shot of the kitchen—a *coup d'essai* of the *cuisine*, as she expresses it.

She disrobes herself of her silken coil and her other paraphernalia, and donning a calico wrapper, tucks up her sleeves, pins up her curls, and with an enterprising and anxious look sallies forth in search of a crusade against fashionable ignorance. Collecting her thoughts, she remembers that there must be flour and "a few other things, of course." But what shall she do first? She will not ask a servant, for she might not be told aright. She prefers not to apply to her mother for the information, because she is going to be smart for herself. The cook-book shall be her only confidential friend. After a long deliberation she selects her model receipt, and commences operations in earnest. An onslaught upon flour, eggs, spices, and other ingredients, succeeds, till she covers over an area that presents a very formidable array of bottles, bowls, boards, bakers, etc. She begins to beat the eggs in a great way, but it will spill on to her gown, and it will make her arm ache "shockingly," notwithstanding she could practice calisthenics at school in the most violent manner, without acknowledging the least inconvenience. Having previously made a clean coast of the servants, she now calls upon her mother to beat for her. She is used to it. Her joints were hardened to all this kind of thing years ago.

Next, she pours and sifts, mixes and mingles, tastes and assorts, for a long time, till she has worked up the olla-podrida to her mind, in accordance with the directions of the cookery-book. Her mother suggests some alterations and additions. No; the book must be the best guide, and she is going to have a cake, the equal to which was never seen in that home before. At her request the mother now retires from the scene of

operations, that her ultimate surprise may be more perfect.

She attempts to bake the loaf, and has an intensely-heated oven, because she wants it over quickly, and done nice and brown. The treasure is deposited therein with burnt fingers and many bright anticipations. She then surveys the prospect around her. Alas! what a spectacle meets her wearied vision! Flour is daubed and scattered over table, floor, dress, face, every thing; an array of crockery is soiled; confusion reigns where haste and waste have made devastation. To rearrange this havoc is not her intention; it is terribly hard and dull to clear up and clear off. Accordingly she adds more fuel to the flame, literally, and repairs to her chamber, where, on her couch, she attempts to rest her exhausted body and quiet her agitated nerves. "There is not such fun in this kind of life as they pretend," she muses, with sundry other kindred reflections, till, quite unawares, she drops to sleep.

After a protracted nap she awakens with a start, and, remembering her cake, hurries to the oven. An odor of burnt dough fills all the kitchen. She beholds her once beauteous loaf burned to a crisp at least over two-thirds of the surface! With an exclamation of despair she calls upon her mother to get it from the oven. On examination, it is found that there is a portion not yet spoiled by burning; but it is clammy, bitter, useless! She bursts into tears as she ejects the bit of her precious cake from her lips. Her mother consoles her as best she may, mildly hinting that she will succeed better next time. The disconsolate daughter protests that she will never try to cook another thing so long as she lives. She has given up learning to keep house "for good and all."

Finally, she concludes that living is a great bore, and eating in particular. When she is married and has a house of her own she will have but one meal per diem, and that shall be ordered from the baker's and the confectioner's. She often alludes to this experiment in housekeeping as a particularly good joke.

The daughter of this order is unwilling to do nearly every thing which should be expected of her to perform in aid of her parents and friends. She will not learn to cut or fashion her own plainest articles of apparel, preferring that her mother or some other one should do this labor for her, while she embroiders fancy articles of little real use save for ornament, or devours the latest exciting novel, and the wonderful, thrilling tale in the newspaper, or practices her music, or amuses herself in some other of the various ways adopted for wearing away the hours.

She will not assist in nursing a friend who is ill, for the reason that it is the business of hired persons, and also is frightfully dull work, making her so nervous! The idea of a corpse overwhelms her. She is "nearly dead" when obliged to attend a funeral, and suffers "agonies" for many nights afterward, in consequence of having read so many exciting stories of ghosts and sanguinary transactions of an unearthly nature. Nothing could induce her to sleep alone; she would see and hear all kinds of awful tragedies, performed by the moonbeams and evil spirits, in her apartment.

The idea of assisting in the care of children—her brothers and sisters—is equally distasteful to her. All "young ones" are voted an intolerable nuisance. If obliged to go to the nursery she will stuff wads of cotton in her ears, and carry herself so unkindly that her presence is not desirable.

The most unbearable of all—the "awfullest thing in this whole world," to this young lady, is a *reproof*. Even merited disapprobation from her parents is intolerable. She thinks she was not made, as she affirms, "to be scolded." Her spirit will not brook such indignity. Her dignity, made up of so many terms at boarding-school, so much flattery from a host of intimates, and of such evident displays of her accomplishments by her friends, is not to sustain such a rude shock without adequate demonstrations. Accordingly she either resorts to her revenge of a long fit of sullen silence, absence from meals and solitary self-imprisonment, or vents her indignation by a storm of passion, beginning and ending with an asseveration that she will do exactly as she thinks best, and every body will discover that she is not a slave to cringe to any body. The inevitable result of this course, in the daughter, is too apparent to require description in this connection.

In order that the daughter may be a blessing to her parents and the world, or, as Horace expresses it, "a daughter surpassing in beauty her beautiful mother," she should,

1. Acquire the habit of cheerfully submitting her will to that of her parents. It was a saying of Pythagoras, that "youth should be habituated to obedience, for they will then find it easy to obey the authority of reason." A young lady who has never been accustomed to obey her parents, is sure to make an abhorred tyrant or a wretched rebel against all authority. She will not only evince her rebellion against her husband's and dearest friends' most considerate influence and control, but will receive with wrath the righteous dispensations of Providence. Every cross to her

own self-will will be regarded a disappointment meriting her displeasure. When afflictions multiply about her life she will simply curse their Author in the gloomy cells of her soul, and wish that she had never been born. Her life will be miserable, unloving and unloved. Her death will be uncheered by the presence of Him who has promised to "count them happy who *endure*," and to be their exceeding consolation through the shadows of the grave.

The daughter should never think that because she knows more languages, polite and dead, more of the arts, more music, etc., than her parents, that she knows more how to live righteously and wisely. If she is certain that in some things connected with common life, even, that she knows better how they should be conducted in accordance with the usages of good society or good taste, she should not erect her will against her parents' with the words of authority, but should gently suggest the alterations or innovations in such sweetness of manner as, most probably, will easily secure her desired object. If one or both of her parents should be captious or disagreeable, she should never betray her consciousness of the unpleasant reality by insubordination. Her consistently-correct example of life, quietly continued, in time will effect the desirable reformation.

2. The daughter should never allow herself to speak ill of either parent to the other, or to other persons. She should never report any thing from one to the other which may occasion difficulty. If the parents differ, her words should be as oil upon the flame, her influence in favor of peace and harmony. Even in that unfortunate circumstance of aggravated and decided disunion between the parents, she should endeavor to be a golden clasp by which they may be reunited in one bond of love. If it appear imperative for her to take a position in such a cause, never let her turn against the *mother*. Even in the extremest cases of crime her course should be silence and forgiveness. If the father, the relatives, the world condemn her mother, the daughter should remain firm and true to her highest interests. In these most ordinary instances of family divisions, by reason of incompatibility of dispositions and habits, the daughter should never forget the trial and love which have so thickly made up her mother's life, and her tenderest, sweetest, strongest words, her most faithful, efficient aid should be reserved for her.

But neither should the daughter be induced or in any wise influenced to underrate her father, and fail in showing him proper kindness, by reason of his inferiority in any respect. If he is

unfortunate, she should console and encourage him; if he fail in reaching the social standard of the family in conventional manner or appearance, her love should excuse and seek to shield him from all reproach or ridicule; if he is infirm or sick, it should be her pleasure to minister unto him. Like Antigone and Ismene, daughters of Oedipus, who followed the fortunes of their blind and exiled father, so that, led by their hand, he was enabled to reach Attica, every daughter, through the gloom of adversity as well as in the brightness of good fortune, should remain near and dear to him who sustains the high relation to her of father.

She should never omit to evince gratitude to him, especially whenever it is by his kind provision, so far as it is connected with earthly instrumentality, that she enjoys very much of life which she especially prizes, even though the occupation by which this is acquired be one in which she takes no delight, or of which she is actually ashamed. If, under such circumstances, she fails to manifest filial respect and gratitude, she is guilty of that sin which Shakespeare addresses as

"Thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster."

3. The daughter should have no secrets which she is not willing to impart to the mother. When a young lady begins to have confidential matters which she would not have disclosed to the knowledge of her parents, she has taken one step toward future difficulty and sorrow. No other friend, however intimate or sincere, is worthy to sustain the position of confidant before the mother. Her love and wisdom should be summoned first and last to the aid of all affairs which the daughter is disposed to veil from others' eyes.

4. No young lady should fail to properly appreciate the relation toward her of a step-mother. She should remember that it is a great and good office for a stranger to endeavor to supply to the child the maternal place. If, in some things, such an association fail of meeting the daughter's desires, let her not forget that her own mother would have often crossed her wishes, and perhaps would have equally failed to meet her pleasure; though in that case unnoted and unremembered, from the fact of there being no presupposed ground of suspicion of wrong and injustice. But if the daughter is certain that her step-mother is not sufficiently faithful to her charge in all love and good judgment, it will greatly increase the difficulty for her to return rebellious dissatisfaction. Let her suffer in silence, returning good for

evil in all things. As Ruth followed Naomi, so should the heart of the daughter cleave to the step-mother, through good and ill. Then will she be blessed—perhaps with a good and honorable husband, like Boaz.

5. In all situations of life should the daughter cherish such high regard and true love for her parents, as will inspire her to perform those offices of kindness in speech, and all of the many though perhaps small acts which will largely contribute to their happiness. Let her never address them with rudeness or with angry incivility, but with that true reverence and sweetness of manner which all language is inadequate to properly extol. Let her never be so much preoccupied as to neglect to offer those pleasant attentions to them which meet the approval and admiration of all—more than all, of the omniscient Parent.

To her father she should be the light of his life, the joy of his heart. Often should she seek occasion to converse with him, and read to him, that she may, from his nobler and stronger nature, derive nobility of soul and strength of character, thus making her worthy of his intimate companionship and confidence. The society of a good and honorable father the daughter should esteem dearer than that of all other men, and in this way should she be fitted for an exalted companionship with the man whom such a parent deems suitable for her husband. ✓

The love and reverence which is due to her mother may be manifested in ways innumerable. Beautiful, indeed, is it to see the daughter thus ministering to her whose past life has been but a series of inestimable service to herself! However great the sacrifice which the daughter makes for the mother, she will never afterward regret it. It will follow her pathway in life as a benediction from Heaven. As a powerful example ever should be preserved in the soul those memorable words which were spoken from the cross: "Behold thy mother!"

AFFLICTIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

THEY have frequently more of these sufferings than others. The husbandman does not prune the bramble, but the vine. The stones designed for the temple above require more cutting and polishing than those which are for the common wall. The Christian mourns over those infirmities which are not viewed by others as sins. It is said the bird of paradise, when caught and caged, never ceases to sigh till it is free. Just such is the Christian. Nothing will satisfy him but the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

PROMISE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

WHILE I sat this morning reading,
 Shadowed o'er with grief;
 Silent long and only turning
 Now and then a leaf,
 "Merry May," the matchless maiden,
 With a laughing look,
 Threw a sudden shower of sunshine
 On my open book.

Looking up I saw with wonder,
 As I had not seen,
 All the beauty of her smiling
 And her garments green.
 Down into my heart the sunshine
 Flowed in glowing streams;
 To a wondrous gladness waking
 From my somber dreams.
 Marvelous seemed her shining beauty,
 Gladdening all around,
 Pulsing through the air and springing
 From the teeming ground.
 And as if a hand of magic
 Touched my vision new,
 All the mystery of Nature
 Unto knowledge grew.

And while, with an eye prophetic,
 Thus her face I scan,
 I behold the rare unfolding
 Of her wondrous plan;
 Watch the tender blades of greenness
 From the turf expand,
 Till their full luxuriance covers
 All the lengthened land;

Glancing o'er the open furrows,
 See each tiny leaf
 Of the springing grain perfected
 In a golden sheaf;
 Watch upon the orchard branches
 Every budding shoot,
 Changing from a shining blossom
 To the mellow fruit.

From the half-built birds' nests, clinging
 To the branches bare,
 I can see young wings rise waving
 In the summer air;
 Through the lustrous leaves go glancing
 To the broadening light,
 Cleaving fast the far horizon,
 Shutting out my sight.

And I see glad Summer leaning
 To the Autumn old,
 Changing all her robes of greenness
 For resplendent gold;
 While afar I hear the chanting
 Of the harvest hymn,
 From the happy homesteads seated
 On the meadow's rim.

From this miracle of Nature,
 Turning back to life,
 I can better see the purpose
 Of its constant strife—
 See how every parching pathway

Through the desert leads,
 Ever onward to the sunshine
 Of the verdant meads;
 How the faintest beams that gladden
 Now our periled way,
 Yet shall broaden to the brightness
 Of unclouded day;
 How the hopes that now lie buried
 In unblest employ,
 Yet shall reach the raptured fullness
 Of transcendent joy.

And I turn life's puzzling pages,
 Blurred by many a blot,
 With a still increasing gladness,
 Seeing how the plot,
 All so tangled and mysterious,
 Plain and plainer grows,
 Till I trace the strange enigma
 To a brilliant close;
 See how all the heart's harsh discords
 Unto union tend,
 Till in one harmonious measure
 All its passions blend.
 And I feel the bliss of braving
 Ills so early past,
 Knowing well that duty's burden
 Will be light at last.
 So I cease my sad complainings,
 Having all I ask—
 Strength of heart and hand proportioned
 To the appointed task;
 And with firmer zeal and purpose,
 Cheerfully I lend
 Faith and love unto my labor,
 Seeing thus the end.

SABBATH MORNING.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

ROSES scenting all the air,
 June birds piping high and clear,
 Sweet spring waters waywardly
 Murmuring as they ripple by,
 Flowery eyes from out the grass,
 Smiling on us as we pass,
 Cheer and speed our willing feet
 On to where God's people meet.
 Hill and valley, meadow free,
 Woodland wild, and leaping sea,
 All have voices glad to-day;
 And those voices seem to say,
 "T is the day that Christ arose
 Lord o'er all his creature's foes.
 Mortals, haste with willing feet
 In his holy courts to meet."
 Side by side we move along,
 Glad that we may join the song;
 Glad that we may dare to praise
 Him whose mercy crowns our days.
 Humble prayers and praises meet
 Bring us to the mercy-seat—
 Pardon for our sins we claim
 In the all-atoning name.
 Father, send us not away
 Empty, from thy courts to-day.

SEED SOWING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Man's work shall follow him."

"NOW, Harry, my boy, see here, papa's got to leave the room a few moments to see somebody that has called. Now you won't approach the table, or touch the ink, or disturb the papers, will you?"

"No, I won't touch them," said the beautiful child, glancing up from the heap of toys that lay scattered all around him, but somehow there was a half-roguish, half-faithless look in his eyes, that made the father say very gravely, "That is right, my son; but remember, if you tell a story and disobey me now, I shall punish you very severely," and with these words the minister left the room.

He was detained longer than he expected to be, and Harry spun his top, and rolled his hoop, and built a castle, a church, and a school-house out of his white and red blocks. Then he grew very tired and went to the window, which was curtained with honeysuckles now in bloom, and plucked the long golden bells and scattered them on the carpet, and they faded there, pulsing out their last life in faint, delicious fragrance.

Harry Reynolds was a rarely-beautiful child—just one to be the pride and idol of a mother. He was hardly five years old, but his limbs were remarkably well developed, and were all molded with rare symmetry and strength, and his mother playfully named him her "little Hercules."

His eyes were large and of the deepest blue, and the long curls that fell over his neck were the color of certain rich veins of agate; in short, to look at Harry Reynolds was to love him for his wondrous beauty.

At last the restless child, in whom phrenologists had said the organ of destructiveness was very largely developed, stole off to the table, and with a good many cautious glances toward the door, and with hushed though rapid breathing—for the child knew he was doing wrong—he commenced softly turning over the paper on which his father had been writing.

He soon wearied of this, however; then he peeped into the sand-box, turned the tiny box of colored wafers into his hand, investigated the various compartments of the small writing-desk, and finally paused before the porcelain inkstand, and at the great quill, whose point was thrust into its mouth.

"I wish I could take that pen," murmured Harry to himself, and his little, round, white hand moved stealthily toward it. "If mamma was

here I know she'd get me one, and then I could make round o's and pot-hooks on that piece of white paper. I'll have time to make one now—I know I would before papa gets back, for I could hear him coming and run off to my things before he opened the door, and he'd never know."

So Harry cautiously drew out the quill, and after listening a moment for his father's steps, he commenced drawing all sorts of indescribable characters on the paper.

This employment amused and absorbed him for some minutes; but it was quite inconvenient for him to reach the inkstand, as it stood in the center of the table. So, with considerable care he managed to lift and remove it to rather dangerous proximity with the edge of the table. He had scarcely achieved this when the child heard his father's step in the hall. With a bound he sprang up, his arm struck the inkstand heavily, it leaped from the table, and down fell a torrent of the black fluid on Harry's new white pants, and on the green leaves and red flowers of the great square of drugget that half covered the carpet.

At that moment Mr. Reynolds opened the door. The boy was screaming loudly, and the look of alarm on the minister's face changed to one of stern gravity as he asked, "Harry, what have you done?"

"I—I've spilt the ink," answered the now thoroughly-convicted child, and he ceased his vociferations as he looked in his father's face.

"And you have disobeyed me, Harry; did n't I tell you that you must be punished if you did not let the table alone?"

"Yes, sir," and Harry hung his head and looked ruefully at his soiled clothes, while the tears ran stilly down his cheeks.

"Well, you have not only disobeyed me but told a falsehood; so you must not sit at the table to-day, and only have a slice of bread and butter for your dinner"—here Harry's grief broke forth more obstreperous than ever, but his father continued without observing it, "Now come down stairs with me, and let Jane remove your soiled clothes."

The dinner-bell rang. Mrs. Reynolds had been out all the morning, and had only time to hastily remove her things before she answered the summons.

It was a summer's day, and the lady came into the room in a white wrapper, which became her fair complexion, and looking into her face you saw at once from whence Harry had inherited his beauty.

And it was this beauty that, "minister of God," and consecrated to his service as he was, had won the heart of Rufus Reynolds. After all it was not strange, for every one said Mrs. Reynolds was a sweet, fascinating creature, and so she was when she had her own way; but few suspected what a lack of principle and persistency there was in her character; how little of real support and strength in his arduous duties her husband found in his fair young wife, who presided with so much grace and sweetness at the parsonage, or how frequently her petty tempers and ill-humors were a source of pain and sorrow to him.

Yet do not mistake me. Mrs. Reynolds thought herself the most amiable and self-sacrificing of women, and she certainly had a great many good qualities, a great many generous impulses. She loved her husband tenderly, as was proven by the fact that she had refused several very wealthy and eligible offers, to unite her life with a man who had nothing but his warm, deep, loving heart to offer her; but she had no more idea of the solemn responsibilities she took upon herself in becoming the wife of a minister than many another woman has who does this.

The lady's eyes wandered eagerly around the table—"Where is Harry, Rufus?"

"Harry has been a very bad boy this morning, Janet—he has disobeyed me, told a falsehood, and upset my inkstand. Therefore I told him he must take his dinner in the library."

The lady's brow darkened at once. "Seems to me, Rufus, something always happens when I leave Harry at home with you. He behaves himself well enough with me. I did want to see the dear little fellow at the table."

"Well, Janet, you will at least believe what I say, and that it pains me as much as it does you to punish him. But I could not let such conduct go unnoticed."

Mrs. Reynolds did not answer. She took her seat at the table and leaned her head on her hand during grace with an expression that was any thing but thoughtful or reverential.

"Biddy," she called to the domestic, while she poured the tea, "take Harry up a wing of the chicken and some of those plums, and tell him he shall have some of the jelly he likes so much."

"Janet, I told him he could have nothing but a slice of bread and butter. You would not have me break my word."

There flashed up from those soft, blue eyes a glance of anger; but the young wife had learned, as well as Harry, that there were times when it would be useless to oppose her husband, so she signed Biddy to set down the plate.

"Rufus, you do n't understand that child at all, and I think you are altogether too severe with him." The tones were sharper than the words.

"Now, Janet, do be a reasonable woman. Would you have me spoil the child and never correct him for his faults?"

"Of course not; but I'd have you sometimes remember that he is a child, and show a little mercy to them."

"Now do n't, my dear, make me out such an old ogre. Besides, I thought you were never willing to admit that he had any faults."

"Well, you'll be certain enough to spy them out any how. It's well the poor little fellow has a mother to take his part, for I'm sure I do n't know what would become of him if he had none. To think my pleasure must be all spoiled every time I go out! I came home perfectly longing to see the dear little fellow, and there he must be shut up in that dark old library with a crust of bread. I only wonder the child's as good as he is."

But, reader, there is no use in going on with this. Suffice it, Mrs. Reynolds was an angry and an unreasonable woman, and when her husband attempted to discuss the matter with her, and she could not deny the justice of his arguments, she replied after this fashion, "Well, I simply do n't think as you do, and you'll never bring me over to your side of the case. I never yet saw a man who knew any thing about bringing up a child, or who did n't expect the wisdom from a boy of four that he would from a man of forty. But as I hate quarrels we'll say no more about the matter," and Mrs. Reynolds finished her dinner in sulky silence, making the meal as uncomfortable as possible for her husband; and none but a husband knows how uncomfortable a sulky or angry woman *can* make a dinner.

Worried with many cares, and longing to see that half-sour and thoroughly-sulky expression erased from the face that could smile and brighten so sweetly, he was half tempted to go up stairs, bring down Harry, and set him at the table. But Mr. Reynolds was a conscientious man, and he *felt* it would be sin to do this and have his own authority set at naught in his household. He was glad when the dinner was over, and he rose up from it with a sigh and an internal "God help me."

"Harry, my precious boy, where are you?" and Mrs. Reynolds opened the door very softly, and asked the question in tones which would at once have told the quick intuitions of a child that she pitied him, and considered him very much abused.

"Here I am, mamma," answered the child, springing up from an ottoman and throwing down a large volume on ornithology, whose beautiful painted orioles and birds of paradise had kept him quiet for the last half hour.

Mrs. Reynolds had seen her husband ride off with a brother, and availed herself of this opportunity to visit her son.

"Poor little boy! he did n't like to be shut up here in the dark library all alone, did he?" said the fond, foolish mother, as she passed her white hand tenderly through the thick rings of hair, and leaning down kissed the uplifted forehead.

"No, I do n't like to stay here, mamma. It's so dark, and with nothing but the books to look at. But papa makes me."

"Well, papa thinks Harry's been a naughty boy, and that makes him cross."

"I did n't mean to spill the ink, and I think it's too bad for him to make me stay here," sure that his mother leaned to his view of the matter.

"Well, Harry must be careful and not disobey papa any more. Mother's brought her boy a nice seed cake and a big pear," and the mother held the golden fruit and the dainty cake before the greedy eyes of the child. "Now, will you promise to be very good always if I'll give these to you, my poor, precious baby?"

"Yes; O please, mamma!" lisped the child, lifting up his eager hands, and the next moment the gifts were placed in them and devoured in the midst of fond, pitying caresses. And so, day after day, the seed was sown by the hand of his mother in the head of the little boy, whose obstinacy, and selfishness, and willful disposition gave his father such frequent disturbance.

Harry escaped much of the discipline he needed, however; for a man will do almost any thing to keep peace, and the minister very well knew there was little comfort for him whenever he punished the mother's idol. He was himself an indulgent but judicious father, and there was often a sharp struggle between his inclinations and his duty; and too often for his wife's sake the former gained the victory, and Harry's faults were allowed to go unnoticed.

"Well now, mother, what's the use talking and fretting about the matter, I made the bot, and of course I must pay it, or never show my face at school again."

"But your father, Harry, what would your father say if he knew it?" and tears of anxiety came into the mother's eyes.

"Why, he'd make a fuss about it sufficient to satisfy his clerical dignity—that's all. But what's

the use of talking about an impossibility, he'll know nothing about it unless you tell him, and you've kept a good many secrets for me before this."

"But how could you go into that man's orchard and rob it—a minister's son, too, and such a disgrace it would be if it were known!"

"Of course it would, and therefore I come to you to buy the old codger's silence; he told me he'd let the matter slide if we'd each pay him twenty-five dollars—a profitable frolic for him, for we did n't do half the money's worth of injury."

"But, my son, it was wicked, and"—

"O, come now, mother, do n't go to preaching me a sermon, I have enough of father's; and I presume if he knew of this little frolic of mine, he'd sentence me to wear the eighth commandment on my back for the next week."

"My son, do n't speak so disrespectfully of your father."

"Well, then, do n't bring him up every minute. Say, mother, I must have the money this morning."

"But how am I to get it, Harry? I haven't ten by me in the world."

"O, well! father's got it locked up in his drawer, and you know where the keys are, and might give them to me for once—just once."

"But you can't take away such a sum without his suspecting it, and if he asks me, Harry, what in the world shall I tell him?"

"O you can get aside of it, mother! You're a first-rate hand for that; not that I mean to say you tell white lies; but you can make the daintiest little evasion, just for expediency's sake."

"O, Harry, do n't talk so!"—with a little deprecatory shake of her head—"I'm afraid I have n't done right always to screen you from blame, and it troubles me."

"Well, mother, you know I'm worth a little trouble and a few pricks of your very tender conscience."

Mrs. Reynolds looked up at him, her only son, as he said these words, and maternal pride almost supplanted the anxiety in her eyes. Truly he was a son that any mother might have been proud of. Harry Reynolds was now fifteen years old, and tall for his years; and there was such a promise of masculine strength and vigor in those supple limbs, so much boyish beauty in that fair face, with its blue, fiery eyes, and its thick curls of agate-colored hair, that to look at him was to enjoy a feast of the beautiful; and yet there was something in his face that would not quite have satisfied an acute observer. The

mouth was not firmly enough set to promise much force of character, and there was a certain sarcastic expression loitering about the lips, and a recklessness in the movements of the proud head which would have jarred a sensitive nature—alas! the evil had grown rather than the good in the boy's heart during all these years. It is true he had many good qualities; but he was selfish, exacting, and, withal, there was a lack of high principle in his conduct, which it is always so painful to discover in youth.

Mrs. Reynolds turned to a small rosewood box that stood on the table, and, unlocking it, drew therefrom a bunch of keys. "Your father gave me these day before yesterday," she said. "You know the drawer in which he keeps his money. Do n't, my dear son, ever get in to another such a scrape as this. It is really shocking to hear of. Remember now."

Harry Reynolds tossed his head and whistled a tune as he left the room with the keys.

"O, Janet, have you taken any money out of my drawer since I have been away?" said Mr. Reynolds, looking up suddenly from the paper he was reading that evening, while his wife sat on the other side of the table, quite absorbed in working a pair of slippers for Harry.

"I—I have n't been to the drawer, Rufus, for a week," and the lady looked up with a flush on her cheeks, and there certainly was a flutter in her tones.

"Well, it's very strange. I left, I am sure, seventy-five dollars in that drawer, and there are but fifty there now."

"You are quite sure, Rufus!" asked the lady, bending down assiduously over her work.

"Yes, I think I am quite sure. You know I never make mistakes about these things."

At that moment the door burst open and Harry entered the room. His eyes were bright and his cheeks flushed with exercise. "O, we've had a capital time out on the ice, you better believe!" he exclaimed, hurrying up to the fire.

"Well, my boy, what'll become of your Latin, if you devote every evening to the river, after this fashion?" asked the minister.

"I do n't know; but I would n't have given up the fun we've had to-night for all the Latin that's inside the brains of our professor. O, but it was capital to see the fellows go down on the ice!"

"Boys will be boys, you know, father," said Mrs. Reynolds, looking down fondly on her son.

"Yes, my dear," smiled the minister, "and foolish, over-indulgent mothers will be so till the end of the chapter. O," speaking up as though

the thought had just struck him, "you have n't been to my secretary, have you, Harry?"

"I—what in the world should take me there, father?"

"Well, I find twenty-five dollars missing, and I did n't know but you could give some account of it."

"You do n't mean to accuse me of stealing, do you, father?" with a laugh.

"No; but I thought some bill might have been presented, or somebody have borrowed the money, or, in short, that you could give some account of it."

"Well, nobody has borrowed the money, and I can give no account thereof. I presume you have disposed of it and forgotten—nobody in the house would take it."

"It do n't seem possible that I could have spent the money and forgotten it. Twenty-five dollars do n't grow on my bushes so readily."

"Well, you see, father, there's no other way to account for it."

"It seems so. At all events I sha'n't puzzle my brains on the subject; but I would n't have believed I could have made such a mistake."

"Mother, did n't we come it over the old man?" asked Harry, with a sort of chuckle, as his father left the room half an hour later.

"O, Harry, you shock me with your disrespectful language; and then, my son, it was terrible to tell such a falsehood. Positively it made the cold chills run over me."

"Whew! I never did up any thing quite so nicely as that. I think, mother, nature must have intended me for an ambassador. Do n't you believe I'd make a good diplomatist, and I would n't cut such a bad figure at some foreign court?"

But for once Mrs. Reynolds did not smile at her boy's witty sallies. She sighed and looked at him mournfully. Ah! the harvest was ripening—the harvest whose seed was of her own sowing.

Eight years had transpired. It was a wild, storm-drenched, and wind-worn night in the late April. The day had been gray, gloomy, lymphatic. With no gift of sunshine, with no joy or beauty, it had been born slow and painfully out of cold, heavy clouds, and died in darker ones. It was one of those days that serve as a background on which the Spring can work her designs of all rare and wondrous beauty.

The night was late, for the little china clock on the mantle had told in its slow, silvery voice that eleven o'clock was finished on earth, and yet Mrs.

Reynolds still sat in her easy chair in the parsonage sitting-room. These eight years have greatly, strangely changed her. She is no longer young or pretty, and her dark hair is frosted with gray, and her once softly-blooming cheeks are thin and pale. But that is not all the change. There is a look of restless anxiety in the eyes that have not yet lost all their charm, which tells you very plainly that the heart beneath is not quiet—that some secret grief is at work there.

She folds up with a sigh the letter she has been perusing for the twentieth time, and, rising, walks alone and thoughtfully up and down the room.

"I do not know what to make of it," she murmurs to herself. "Harry certainly wants more money, and this wild, dark letter almost breaks my heart. It is evident he has been running in debt again, and I dare not tell his father this. I see Harry's conduct wears upon him greatly; and I see, too, that he thinks, though he never says so, that if I had done differently once, things would not have been as they are now. May be he is right. I know it would have been better for both if I had not so weakly yielded to Harry's will, and punished him when he deserved it.

"How he did talk to his father, too, the last time he was at home! Such a father as Rufus has been to him, too, and only because he asked him to remain to family prayers! I never shall forget my husband's look as he came out of the parlor and spoke to me: 'Janet, what that boy has said to me this morning will bring me years sooner to my grave.'

"And now what is to be done? I can not get another dollar without asking Rufus for it, and he will certainly withdraw Harry from college if he hears he has fallen into another scrape. O, Harry, my boy, my boy!" and the lady leaned her head on her hands, and the tears streamed through her fingers.

At that moment there was a loud summons of the door-bell. It startled Mrs. Reynolds, for the night was so late, and she remembered the single domestic had retired hours before. Hastily wiping her eyes, she hurried to the door and unlocked it.

"Harry, my son, what can have brought you home to-night?" The lady's lips grew white as she asked the question.

"I will tell you in short meter when I get in," was the abrupt answer, and brushing hurriedly past his mother, Harry Reynolds entered the sitting-room. She followed him, looking with greedy, anxious eyes on the face of her first-born.

"Harry, has any thing happened? how strange

and wild you look! Do tell me what is the matter."

"I will, mother, only," and he glanced round the room, "is there any body in the house to hear us?"

"Nobody," gasped the frightened woman. "Your father has left town, and will not probably be back before day after to-morrow."

"So I knew from your letter. Well, mother, this is the matter, that unless you can help me at once, the son of the Reverend Rufus Reynolds will be in prison before two more days have gone over his head."

The mother gave a long, long shriek, and clasped her hand on her heart.

"Come, mother," was the heartless rejoinder of the son, "you can't afford to go into the pathos just now. There is no use mincing the matter, so I'll tell it briefly as I can. I was in debt a thousand dollars and could see no way to pay it. An opportunity presented itself for me to help myself to this sum, and I did so two weeks ago, hoping to win back the money. But I have not succeeded, and now unless it is paid there'll be a very unpleasant ending to the whole thing, and my respectability will vanish in a term at state's prison."

It seemed as if, listening to these words, Mrs. Reynolds grew older every moment. No face over which that night the April grass was growing green, could be whiter than hers, as she learned that her son was a gambler and a thief.

"What do you want me to do for you?" The words came slowly from her lips, and she looked up so pitiful into her son's face that it seemed as if a heart of stone must have ached to see her.

Perhaps his would, if he had not been so absorbed with his own feelings. "There is no use in wasting words, mother. I know father is the treasurer of a benevolent society, and that he always has a thousand dollars of that money on hand. I must have it—have it to-night, too."

"O, Harry! Harry! would you have your father a thief, too? Do you think he would do this?"

"See here, mother, I have often heard you say the piece of land and old mill that grandma left you was worth at least fifteen hundred dollars, and that you could get as much for it any day. Now, let me have this thousand and reach the city to-morrow night, sell your land, let father know nothing about it, and replace the money, or have your son sent to prison."

Another groan, breaking up from the surging deeps of the mother's wretched heart.

"Come, mother, I am in a hurry; yes or no?"

And then Mrs. Reynolds flung herself at her boy's feet and clasped her hands. "O, Harry! Harry! my boy, that I have held in my arms, and whom I have rocked to sleep so many nights; my boy, that I still so love that I would gladly give up my life this hour to see you a better man, promise me that if I do the thing you ask me, you will never gamble again—never so long as you live."

I think the sight of his mother's anguish must have smote the young man's heart, for a spasm crossed his face—that face that in its early manhood was beautiful as its promise. He raised his mother carefully. "Yes, mother, I do promise you I will be a better man."

"You will find the keys to the box in the closet of your father's library on the third shelf; the box is there; I will wait here," and the lady's shaking limbs dropped into a chair, and her son took the light and went out; and the thick rain strove against the windows, and the wind lashed the boughs of the old trees around the parsonage.

Suddenly there was a sound at the front door, a sound of men's feet, and the next moment they hurried swiftly toward the library.

Mrs. Reynolds, terribly excited by all she had undergone, supposed that robbers had entered the house, and shrieked wildly to her son, "O, Harry, save yourself, they are come to murder you!"

The young man's hand had just grasped the roll of bank notes in the iron box. He stood in the door of the closet, and the single lamp he carried only lighted dimly the library. He heard his mother's shriek; he remembered that he had left the front door open in his haste, and as guilt makes one always a coward, he believed for the moment that robbers had broken into the house.

He dropped the money. "Stand off," he cried, "or I'll shoot you on the spot," and he drew a loaded pistol from his pocket. But the steps came on swift and steady; he raised the pistol, not with any intention of firing it, only of intimidating the robbers; but in his haste his hand touched the trigger—there was a loud detonation, a groan, and a heavy fall on the floor.

Mrs. Reynolds bounded into the room with a cry—such a cry as only once in a lifetime breaks from the lips of man or woman, "Harry, my boy, have they killed you?"

Then she stopped, glanced a moment at the figure that lay on the floor. "It is his father—he has killed his father!" She clasped her hands wildly over her head and laughed.

It was a terrible shock to the community, more especially to the parish, but no suspicion ever

rested upon Harry Reynolds. It was believed by every one that he had mistaken his father for some house-breaker, and accidentally shot him, and he received universal sympathy. The knowledge that he had shot his own father, although accidentally, did for him what that father's life probably could never have done. It threw him into a brain fever, whence he rose a sadder and a better man. He was enabled, without disposing of his mother's land, to restore the money he had stolen, for his father left some property, and Harry's crime was never detected. Afterward he went to California, and in less than a year later all that was once the manly form and beautiful face of Harry Reynolds lay under one of the many green billows of that far-off land. O, God, be pitiful!

And of his mother? It may be you may see her some pleasant summer's day wandering among the shady walks of a celebrated asylum for the insane.

You will know her by her peculiarly-graceful gait and slight figure, and looking in her wan, pale face you will find some trace of the beauty of her youth.

And if she reads something mournful and pitying in the gaze you fasten upon her, she will draw up closely to you, and, lifting her white, wistful face to yours, say, with touching earnestness, "He did n't mean to do it; no, no, my boy did n't mean to do it. It was I that made the mistake; but it was terrible," and a shudder will creep over the lady's frame, and the glare of a hopeless insanity will light her dim eyes; "terrible to see Rufus lying there with the blood rushing out of his side! It haunts me, and I can't get away from it; and then to know who had done it! my little Harry, our little Harry, that we were so proud of! He was such a beautiful baby, with his long, brown curls and his laughing eyes, and he had such pretty ways that I could n't bear to cross him in any thing, though I know now Rufus was in the right.

"But my boy, my pretty boy, my own little Harry that I loved so, to think he did it, he did it!"

And her white face will work fearfully; but though your cheek may be drenched with tears, Mrs. Reynolds's eyes will be strained and dry.

Ah! reader, this is a fearful harvest, ripened from the long ago "seed sowing." Yet do not misapprehend us. We are no advocates of a rigid course of parental discipline, and believe that gentleness and love work out a more blessed reward better than much severity.

Many children, doubtless, have been injured by a harsh and iron system of home government, although we do not think this is the tendency of the present age, but that there is a lamentable inclination to the opposite direction.

Those of course are not fit to be parents who do not consult the peculiar temperaments and characters of their children; but all parents are bound to instill right precepts into the hearts of their children, to regulate stubborn wills, and to make each one capable of self-discipline, without which every man and woman go rudderless over the stormy waves of this life.

What is a character without this? A house built upon the sand. Of how little worth are good or beautiful impulses without a foundation of strong principle!

O, parents, who read this story, we entreat you by the half-wrecked lives whose stories those who have "eyes to see," can read all about them—by all those jealousies, and stormy passions, and ungoverned tempers that work out their miserable results of discord, and bitterness, and strife in this world—we beseech you by all these, sow the seeds of strong, right principles in the souls of your children; lay there a foundation of true, high, self-disciplined character, and looking to God for his blessing you shall not lose your reward.

METHODISM AND THE MORAVIANS.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, LL. D.

THIRD PAPER.

THEY had established or removed several small assemblies in London and elsewhere. One of their preachers, Peter Böhler, a name which will ever be memorable to Methodists, had just arrived in London. Wesley met him for the first time on February 7, 1738, about a week after his own arrival—"a day much to be remembered," he says. "From this time," he adds, "I did not willingly lose an opportunity of conversing with him."* He again records that "by Böhler, in the hand of the great God, I was convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved." At a later date he says: "He now amazed me more and more by the accounts he gave of the fruits of living faith—the holiness and happiness which he affirmed to attend it. The next morning I began the Greek Testament again, resolving to abide by 'one' law and the testimony, and being confident that God would hereby show me

whether this doctrine was of God." On the first of the following April we read in his Journal: "Being at Mr. Fox's society my heart was so full that I could not confine myself to the forms of prayer which we were accustomed to use there. *Neither do I purpose to be confined to them any more*, but to pray indifferently, with a form or without, as may be suitable to particular occasions." He began to see "the promise," he says, "but it was afar off." Again he records: "I met Peter Böhler once more. I had now no objection to what he said on the nature of faith; namely, that it is—to use the words of our Church—"a sure trust and confidence which a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favor of God." Neither could I deny the happiness nor holiness which he described as fruits of this living faith. 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God,' and 'he that believeth hath the witness in himself,' fully convinced me of the former, as 'whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin,' and 'whosoever believeth is born of God,' did of the latter." He was staggered, however, for a time at their notion of an instantaneous change of heart. Desponding under a sense of guilt, he subsequently adds: "Yet I hear a voice—and is it not the voice of God?—saying, 'Believe, and thou shalt be saved. He that believeth is passed from death unto life. God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.' O, let no one deceive us by vain words as if we had already attained this faith—that is, the proper Christian faith. By its fruits we shall know. Do we already feel 'peace with God,' and 'joy in the Holy Ghost?' Does 'his Spirit bear witness with our spirit that we are the children of God?' Alas, with mine he does not! O, then, Savior of men, save us from trusting in any thing but thee! Draw us after thee! Let us be emptied of ourselves, and then fill us with peace and joy in believing, and let nothing separate us from thy love, in time or in eternity."

The indefatigable Moravian and his humble associates had already been guiding Charles Wesley into "the way of salvation by faith;" and as Charles was the first of the brothers who received the name of Methodist, so was he the first to learn by experience the saving truth which Methodism was destined to witness to the world. He had conversed with Zinzendorf, and been in one of the small Moravian assemblies, where, he says,

* Wesley's Journal, 1738.

"I thought myself in a choir of angels."* He was entertained during a period of sickness at the house of a humble mechanic, Mr. Bray, near Smithfield, who was an attendant of the London "Societies," and who, he says, is "now to supply Peter Böhler's place," as the latter had left England. This devoted artisan read the Scriptures to him, and was able from his own experimental knowledge of them, to direct his troubled mind. "God sent," he says, "Mr. Bray, a poor, ignorant mechanic, who knows nothing but Christ; yet, by knowing him, knows and discerns all things." A Christian hero of the family, Mrs. Turner, conversed with him on the nature of faith. "Has God bestowed faith on you?" he asked. "Yes, he has." "Why, have you peace with God?" "Yes, perfect peace." "And do you love Christ above all things?" "I do, above all things incomparably." "Then are you willing to die?" "I am, and would be glad to die this moment; for I know all my sins are blotted out; the handwriting that was against me is taken out of the way, and nailed to the cross. He has saved me by his death. He has washed me by his blood. He has hid me in his wounds. I have peace in him, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Her answers were so full to these and the most searching questions I could ask, that I had no doubt of her having received the atonement, and waited for it myself with a more assured hope." On May 21, 1738, he inserts a remarkable passage in his Journal: "I waked in hope and expectation of his coming. At night my brother and some friends came and sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost. My comfort and hope were hereby increased. In about half an hour they went. I betook myself to prayer, the substance as follows: 'O, Jesus, thou hast said, *I will come unto you*. Thou hast said, *I will send the Comforter unto you*. Thou hast said, *my Father and I will come unto you and make our abode with you*. Thou art God, who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon thy most true promise. Accomplish it in thy time and manner.' Having said this I was composing myself to sleep in quietness and peace, when I heard one come in—Mrs. Musgrave I thought by the voice—and say, 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise, and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thy infirmities.' I wondered how it should enter into her head to speak in that manner. The words struck me to the heart. I said and said within myself, 'O, that Christ would but speak thus to me!' I lay musing and trembling; then I rang, and Mrs.

Turner coming I desired her to send up Mrs. Musgrave. She went down, and returning, said, Mrs. Musgrave had not been here. My heart sunk within me at the words, and I hoped it might be Christ indeed. However, I sent her down again to inquire, and felt, in the mean time, a strange palpitation of heart, and said, yet feared to say, 'I believe, I believe.' She came up again and said, 'It was I, a weak, sinful creature, that spoke, but the words were Christ's. He commanded me to say them, and so constrained me that I could not forbear.' I sent for Mr. Bray and asked him whether I believed. He answered, I ought not to doubt of it. It was Christ that spoke to me. He knew it, and willed us to pray together. 'But first,' said he, 'I will read what I have casually opened upon. "*Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.*"' Still I felt a violent opposition and reluctance to believe; yet, still the Spirit of God strove with my own and the evil spirit, till, by degrees, he chased away the darkness of my unbelief. I found myself convinced, I knew not how nor when, and immediately fell to intercession. I now found myself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ. My temper was for the rest of the day mistrust of my own great but unknown weakness. I saw that by faith I stood, and the continual support of faith which kept me from falling, though of myself I am ever sinking into sin. I went to bed still sensible of my own weakness—I humbly hope to be more and more so—yet confident of Christ's protection."

Three days after Charles had thus attained "rest to his soul," John also found it. He says: "I continued thus to seek it—though with strange indifference, dullness, and coldness, and unusually-frequent relapses into sin—till Wednesday, May 24th. I think it was about five o'clock this morning that I opened my Testament on these words, 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature.' 2 Peter i, 4. Just as I went out I opened it again on these words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which he works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation,

* Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley, chapter iv.

and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This can not be faith, for where is thy joy?' Then was I taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation; but that, as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of his own will. After my return home I was much buffeted with temptations, but cried out and they fled away. They returned again and again; I as often lifted up my eyes, and he sent me help from his holy place. And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under the law as well as under grace. But *then* I was sometimes, if not often, conquered; *now* I was always conqueror." Thus had the feet of both the founders of Methodism been directed into the path of life by the instrumentality of the London Moravians.

His mother, who was residing in London, with her son, Samuel Wesley, was still his guide and counselor. He read to her a paper recording his late religious experience. She greatly approved it, and said "she heartily blessed God who had brought him to so just a way of thinking."* Thus, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after twenty-five years, as he elsewhere informs us,† of religious solicitude and struggles, did he, by a clearer apprehension of the doctrine of justification by faith, find rest to his soul, and feel himself at last authorized to preach that blessing to all contrite men, from his own experimental proof of its reality. But had he not faith before? Doubtless he had; at another time he observed that he had, but it was "the faith of a servant" rather than that "of a child." The animadversions of Southey and Coleridge on his present experience are conclusively met by the direct question whether that experience was in accordance with the Scriptures or not. Was his previous state of inward struggle and desolation, or his present one of settled trust and peace, most in harmony with the Scriptural description of a regenerated soul—which has "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," having "not received the spirit of bondage unto fear, but the spirit of acceptance, whereby we cry, Abba, Fa-

ther?" Any further question than this is not one of Christian experience, but of Christianity itself.

The interest which these and previous events had given him for the Moravians, induced him to visit Herrnhut. In about a fortnight he set out on the journey, accompanied by his friend, Ingham, and six others. At Marienborn they met Zinzendorf, who had organized there a brotherhood of about fifty disciples from various countries. "I continually met," says Wesley, "with what I sought for, living proofs of the power of faith; persons saved from inward as well as outward sin, by the love of God shed abroad in their hearts; and from all doubt and fear, by the abiding witness of the Holy Ghost given unto them." He sums up the views which Zinzendorf gave him concerning justification as follows: 1. Justification is the forgiveness of sins. 2. The moment a man flies to Christ he is justified; 3. And has peace with God, but not always joy; 4. Nor, perhaps, may he know he is justified till long after. 5. For the assurance of it is distinct from justification. 6. But others may know he is justified by his power over sin, by his seriousness, by his love of the brethren, and his "hunger and thirst after righteousness," which alone prove the spiritual life to be begun. 7. To be justified is the same thing as to be born of God. ("Not so," interpolates Wesley.) 8. When a man is awakened he is begotten of God, and his fear and sorrow, and sense of the wrath of God, are the prayers of the new birth.

He passed to Herrnhut, which he reached August 1, 1738. He describes it as lying in Upper Lusatia, on the border of Bohemia, and containing about a hundred houses, built on a rising ground, with evergreen woods on two sides, gardens and cornfields on the others, and high hills at a small distance. It had one long street, through which the great road from Zittan to Loban extended. Fronting the middle of this street was the orphan house, in the lower part of which was the apothecaries' shop; in the upper the chapel, capable of containing six or seven hundred people. Another row of houses ran at a small distance from the orphan house, which accordingly divided the rest of the town—besides the long street—into two squares. At the east end of it was the Count's house, a small, plain building like the rest, having a large garden behind it, which was well laid out, not for show but for the use of the community. Wesley spent there about a fortnight. He found at Herrnhut defects, doubtless, but his best expectations were surpassed. "God," he says, "has given me at

* Compare his Journals, June 8, 1738, with June 13, 1739.

† Smith's History of Methodism, ii, 1.

length the desire of my heart. I am with a Church whose conversation is in heaven, in whom is the mind that was in Christ, and who walk as he walked. As they have all one Lord and one faith, so they are all partakers of one spirit, the spirit of meekness and love, which uniformly and continually animates all their conversation. O, how high and holy a thing Christianity is, and how widely distant from that which is so called, though it neither purifies the heart nor renews the life, after the image of our blessed Redeemer! I grieve to think how that holy name by which we are called must be blasphemed among the heathen, while they see discontented Christians, passionate Christians, resentful Christians, earthly-minded Christians—yea, to come to what we are apt to count small things—while they see Christians judging one another, ridiculing one another, speaking evil of one another, increasing instead of bearing one another's burdens." He heard there, with admiration, Christian David, who has been already mentioned as the first leader of the colony. Of justification this Christian mechanic said: "The right foundation is not *your* contrition—though that is not *your own*—not *your* righteousness, nothing of *your own*, nothing that is wrought in *you* by the Holy Ghost; but it is something *without you*—the righteousness and the blood of Christ. For this is the word, 'To him that believeth on God, that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' This, then, do if you would lay a right foundation. Go straight to Christ with all your ungodliness; tell him, thou whose eyes are as a flame of fire, searching my heart, seest that I am ungodly; I plead nothing else. I do not say I am humble or contrite, but I am ungodly; therefore bring me to him that justifieth the ungodly. Let thy blood be the propitiation for me. Here is a mystery, here the wise men of the world are lost; it is foolishness unto them." He was struck by the peculiarity of almost every thing about this Christian community. Some of its customs were questionable, but most appeared to him peculiar only in the sense of being thoroughly Christian. Even what might be called their recreations were religious. He saw, with agreeable surprise, all the young men march around the town in the evening, "as is their custom," singing praise with instruments of music, and gathering into a circle on a neighboring hill, join in prayer. Returning with resounding songs they concluded the evening, and made their mutual adieus by commending one another to God in the Great Square. He was affected by their simple burial rites. Their graveyard was

called "God's Acre." They bore thither the dead with hymns; little children leading the procession, and carrying the bier of a deceased child. He saw a bereaved father, a humble mechanic, looking upon the grave of his child, and wishing to console him found it unnecessary, for he had a higher comforter. Wesley inquired respecting his feelings. "Praised be the Lord," was the parent's reply, "praised be the Lord, he has taken the soul of my child to himself; I learn that when his body is raised again both he and I shall be ever with the Lord."

"I would gladly," says Wesley, "have spent my life here, but, my Master calling me to labor in other parts of his vineyard, I was constrained to take my leave of this happy place." He returned as he came, on foot, bearing with him not only the confirmation of his new religious experience, and of his new theological views, as respecting the spiritual life, but doubtless also many suggestions which were embodied in his own subsequent ecclesiastical arrangements. Zinzendorf's communities were based upon Spencer's plan of reforming the established Churches, by forming "little Churches within them,"* in despair of maintaining spiritual life among them otherwise. Wesley thus organized Methodism within the Anglican Church, and not only in this general analogy, but in many details of discipline can we have the influence of Moravianism.

He reached England in September, 1738. After these providential preparations, he was ready to begin his great career, though as yet without a distinct anticipation of its historical importance.

STRAY GEMS.

DURING the hours of regret we recall the image of departed joys, and in weeping over tender remembrances, tears, softly shed, embalm the wounds of grief.

Words indeed are but the signs and counters of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the *capital* which they represent.

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap materials as of dear ones.

The man who does most, has the least time to talk about what he does.

It is a very true remark, that praise of the dead is often intended as censure of the living.

Many a great man resembles Herod in the theater, shining and groaning at once.

* Spangenberg's Life of Zinzendorf.

A SONG OF HOME.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

ALL day in the deepening sunlight
The tops of the mountains glow,
All night the white waves of the moonlight
Roll down to the valleys below.

I sit by my window and listen
To the voice of the whispering breeze,
As it bears me the breath of the clover,
And the murmurous hum of the bees.

But away over meadow and upland
A thousand swift fancies have flown,
To see how around the old homestead
The glory of summer has shone.

I see it again in my dreaming;
The twilight is heavy and deep,
And across the green fields of the barley
The night-winds come wooing to sleep.

I can hear through the hush how the water
Goes chiming along by the mill,
With a tune that begins at the sunset,
When the sound of the grinding is still.
O sweet as a mother's low singing
To the baby asleep on her breast,
Rings out that soft song of the water,
When the twilight drops down from the west!

How white through the boughs of the maple
Gleams out the low cottage I love,
With the moonlight asleep on the threshold,
And the stars keeping vigils above!

All hushed! but I know by the hearth-stone
They knelt at the nightfall to pray,
And remembered with fond benediction
The loved who have wandered away.

And one hath no need of their praying,
For once, when the summer was bright,
She passed through the valley of shadow
To the gates of the city of light.

And kneeling alone with our sorrow—
Alone on that sorrowful shore,
We wept when we thought how her footsteps
Would never come back any more.

For the brows that eternity crowneth
May never be saddened by woe,
And the lips that have sung with the angels
Are silent forever below.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY MRS. RUMINA A. PARKER.

TRANSPORTING scene! 't is thus to see
Sweet, innocent childhood bend the knee;
Enrapturing music! thus to hear
Infantile voices murmuring prayer;
Sweeter ne'er sang an angel choir,
Than tunes the heart in infant prayer.

The brightest of the flowery tinge,
Is the bud just opening;
The sweetest of the odorous few,
Is the rose wet with morning dew:
So prayer that flows from infant minds,
Is the richest offering Heaven designs.

A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

BY R. BEDELL.

WHEN with doubt and care distrest,
When with conscious guilt oppress,
When from a sad and contrite heart
The broken sighs convulsive start,
How sweet in that dark hour to know,
That He who wept o'er human woe
Bids suffering ones, as once of yore,
"Go in peace and sin no more!"

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

NUMBER III.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

CAIN AND ABEL.

WHEN forth by God's displeasure sent
Into the world our parents went,
Then Cain and Abel came to bless,
And cheer them in their loneliness.
Perchance in early life they grew
In peace, as children ought to do;
But when to manhood's years they came,
Their way no longer was the same.

Abel, the younger, loved to keep
On the green hills his flocks of sheep;
While Cain, the elder one, was found
To be a tiller of the ground.

And when the changes of the year
Had made the harvest-time appear,
Cain came before the Lord to bring
His fruits, and make an offering.

And Abel also on that day
Brought of his flocks a lamb to slay,
And made to Him a sacrifice,
Well pleasing in his Father's eyes.

But Cain such favors could not win,
He was not free from hidden sin;
While Abel's offering was blest
Because his heart and life were best.

So Cain went forth, his bosom then
Burning with hate to God and men,
And meeting Abel in his path
He rose and slew him in his wrath.

When to his startled soul God cried,
"Where is thy brother?" he replied,
"I know not; is it mine to keep
My brother, as he doth his sheep?"

But God, who knew his creature's guilt,
Said, "Thou thy brother's blood hast spilt;
And now the land thou till'st no more
Shall yield thee fruitage as before.

Thou shalt go forth a fugitive
And vagabond on earth to live;
On thee I set my mark, that they
Who meet thee shall not dare to slay."

So from the presence of his God
Cain went into the land of Nod;
And, full of guilty memories then,
Lived fearing all his fellow-men.

HOW TO KILL A MAN.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

IN the first place you may invite him out on "the field of honor," and there dexterously slip a sword through his body, or shoot a bullet into his brain. That is one way, and was once much the mode.

Then you may knock him on the head, after dark, in the street, and there leave him. That's another; but a little troublesome, and *not* a little venturesome.

Or you may throw him into the water—if he can't swim, that is, and was not "born to be hanged." Or sell him bad liquor in sufficient quantities. N. B. Good liquor will do nearly as well.

Or you may kill him with kindness. But that is most generally practiced on little children, and would involve a tedious process if tried on adults. Or put a spider in his tea—which, however, is a fallible means, and not to be relied on in emergencies.

Or you may take him home with you, and setting him to sleep in your spare room, turn the gas on. But that has its inconveniences.

Or you may bore him to death—which, I hope, may not be the fate of the reader of this article.

Or you may *poison* him. And that is just what I want to get at. Not that I desire to recommend that means to the fair readers of the *Repository*—although it has its conveniences—for I am sure *they* need no other weapons than their own bright eyes, wherewith to demolish either enemy or friend. But poisoning, rightly considered, is what Mr. De Quincy once essayed to prove murder in general to be, "one of the fine arts." And it is of the art of poisoning, as practiced here and there in the world, that this article proposes to give some account. The crime of poisoning seems to have occurred very early in Grecian and Roman history. Among the Greeks, women chiefly were given to it. The pestilences, which, at various times, visited Rome and Greece, were often blamed upon the women, who were publicly accused of and punished for poisoning the waters. During the consulship of M. Claudius Marcellus and C. Valerius, B. C. 331, upon information given by a slave girl, no less than one hundred and seventy matrons of Rome were condemned as poisoners. Thirty of these were caught in the act of preparing certain drugs, which, on their claiming them to be harmless, they were condemned to swallow, thus perishing in their own trap, so to speak.

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Various laws were enacted in Rome against those who bought, sold, prepared, or used poisons against human life. It was a convenient means of putting obnoxious princes out of the way; and one against which the court doctors of those days were forced to concoct antidotes. Of these the most famous was that used by Mithridates of Pontus, whose carefulness in this respect recoiled upon himself, for we read that his constitution was, by the use of his Theriaca, so fortified against baneful drugs that none would produce any effect when he attempted to destroy himself.

The ancients, however, can scarce be called adepts in the art. Their poisons were generally speedy in their operations, and it was reserved for Christian (?) Europe of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to invent means by which persons could be destroyed so slowly as that it should seem to observers they were but dying from a gradual decay of nature. In the reign of Henry VIII, of England, an act was passed declaring this crime to be high treason, and condemning those convicted of it to be boiled to death.

One of the first marked cases of slow poisoning, in modern European history, is the death of Sir Thomas Overbury, Secretary to James I. This nobleman is supposed to have become obnoxious to Kerr, Duke of Rochester, a notorious favorite of the king, as being the depository of some rather ugly secrets concerning the Duke and his royal master. Accordingly he was placed in the tower, and being there kept on strict prison fare, was favored by his pretended friend, the Duke, with various delicacies, such as pastry and game, all of which were seasoned with poison. The object of the poisoners was to administer it in such small doses as gradually to wear out the constitution of the prisoner, and in this they seemed to have succeeded but indifferently. Arsenic was mixed with his salt, cantharides with his pepper; pork was doctored with lunar caustic, and aquafortis, mercury, powder of diamonds, and great spiders were introduced into his game pies and pasties, his jellies and sweetmeats. In this manner the unfortunate gentleman took poison more than sufficient to kill twenty men, and yet his constitution withstood the effect, and in the end a dose of corrosive sublimate was administered by orders of the impatient Kerr, who could not abide the slow workings of his cautious druggist.

But Italy has been from time immemorial the country of poisoners. Here were produced, during the seventeenth century, those marvelous

crystal waters which would cause death without leaving a trace of their operations perceptible even to the anatomist. And, so strangely is human nature constituted, that poisoning was once, and for no inconsiderable period, an epidemic, a fashion, a rage. Every body used poison. Gentlemen carried small vials of poison in their vest pockets; fair and dainty ladies put poison bottles on their dressing tables as openly, and used their contents with as little scruple upon others as more modern dames use eau de cologne upon themselves. And, so potent is dame Fashion, murder by poison grew to be thought a venial peccadillo.

When the last Duke of Guise, in 1648, attempted to seize upon the government of Naples, one Gennaro Amrese, successor to the famed Massaniello, was Captain-General over the populace. The hostility of this man rendered his death desirable; and—so relates the Duke—the Captain of the Guard was requested to undertake his assassination—a poniard being given him wherewith to effect his end. Hereat he held up his hands in pious horror. Spill blood? not he! But he would *poison* him; and did so; and that in the coolest manner imaginable. The Duke relates:

"Augustino came to me at night, and told me: 'I have brought you something which will free you from Gennaro. He deserves death, and it is no great matter after what fashion justice is done upon him. Look at this vial, full of clear and beautiful water; in four days' time it will punish all his treasons. The Captain of the Guard has undertaken to give it to him; and as it has no taste at all, Gennaro will suspect nothing.'"

Unfortunately, however, for the success of the experiment, Gennaro on that day ate nothing but some cabbage dressed with oil. The oil caused severe vomiting, and thus the subtle poison was expelled. Nevertheless, he was very ill for five days from the effects of the small particles which remained in the system.

Presently we find the vending of slow poisons become a lucrative trade all over Italy. Eleven years after the Duke of Guise's little adventure—in 1659—Pope Alexander VII was informed that great numbers of young women in Rome had avowed in the confessional that they had gotten rid of their husbands by means of poisons sold them by an old hag named Hieronyma Spara. At the same time observing travelers in Rome noticed the singular prevalence of good-looking young widows in Roman society. And it was remarked that if any Roman couple of wealth and standing lived unhappily together, presently

the husband died of some mysterious disorder, baffling the skill of the physicians.

Finally it was discovered that at La Spara's house a society of young women met regularly. Here were devised ways and means for conveniently poisoning their unsuspecting spouses; a "society for the amelioration of the condition of unhappy married women," so to speak. A decoy prevailed upon La Spara to sell her some of her wonderful drops, and these being analyzed, were found to be a slow but deadly poison, clear, limpid, and tasteless. The association of young dames was broken up. Latiosa, another female poison-vender, upon the rack, confessed to enormities almost incredible. Three young women were hanged for the almost fashionable crime of husband murder. Thirty others were publicly whipped through the streets; and others, whose high rank protected them from corporal punishment, were banished the country.

Soon after La Spara's execution, a woman named Tophania became the chief vender of this slow poison, to which now unhappy wives and impatient sons and nephews resorted to rid themselves of incumbrances, or hasten the days of wealth. In 1719 Tophania's mixture was sold in Naples under the name of *agueta*, or little water. But it was a regular article of commerce all over Italy under the name of "manna of St. Nicholas of Barri," the said St. Nicholas being a doughty miracle performer, and the shrewd Tophania finding safe shelter for her goods under the name of his saintship.

Hahnemann states that aqua tophania was composed of arsenical neutral salts. Hoffmann states it to have been crystallized arsenic, dissolved in a large quantity of water by decoction, and with the addition, for some unexplained purpose, of the herb cymbalaria. The Abbé Gagliardi says that a few drops of it were generally poured into tea, coffee, or soup. It occasioned in the victim a gradual loss of appetite, faintness, gnawing pains in the stomach, loss of strength, and wasting of the lungs. Such skill in its composition did the hag Tophania acquire by long practice, that her customers had only to mention the period of life to be granted to their victims, to be gratified to a day. The infernal little vials might have been labeled "warranted to kill in a week," a month, or six months.

It is remarkable that the chief retailers of these poisons were women. Tophania is said to have so deeply sympathized with unhappy wives, incumbered with husbands, that where these were too poor to pay for the luxury she manufactured, she gave it to them for naught. Tophania con-

fessed, previous to her death, to having been herself accessory to the deaths of over six hundred persons. This besides the retail business of her agents.

In France the mania for slow poisoning obtained some years previous to this; between 1670 and 1680. So prevalent was it that Madame Sevigne, in one of her letters, expresses a fear that the names Frenchmen and poisoners may shortly be considered synonyms. Besides the fluid, which was elegantly denominated an elixir—elixir of death—the French poisoners invented a powder equally effectual; and this, from the use to which it was applied, in procuring their succession to impatient heirs, was popularly known as the *succession* powder.

The most infamous of the poisoners of this time in France was the young and beautiful Marchioness Brinvilliers. Mild and agreeable in manners, possessed of all the accomplishments of the age, but utterly heartless and depraved from her early teens—this last according to her own confession—this woman's career seems almost incredible.

Sainte Croix, the unhappy partner of her guilt, had been introduced to her by the Marquis, her husband. She conceived for him a guilty passion, separated from her husband, whose loose career rendered such a step very possible to her, and afterward conducted herself so shamelessly that her father procured the imprisonment, by *lettre de cachet*, of her paramour. In the Bastille Sainte Croix made the acquaintance of one Exili, under arrest for vending succession powders. Under his tuition the profligate, Sainte Croix, soon improved his skill in compounding poisons, and then planned the dreadful series of crimes by which he intended to gratify, upon the unhappy family of the Marquis, his two ruling passions, revenge and avarice.

Between Madame de Brinvilliers and the wealth of her family stood her father, two brothers, and a sister. These Sainte Croix determined to make way with, in order himself to enjoy, with the guilty woman, the riches to which she would in that case be heir. Accordingly he communicated his plans to her, and she, without the slightest scruple, entered into them, and herself undertook to administer the poison to her ill-fated relatives. To perfect herself in the administration of the doses, she used at first to try the effect of various portions upon rabbits, dogs, and cats. This, however, was not satisfactory, and so she grew suddenly charitable, visited the hospitals, and made soup for the sick poor, in which she administered her subtle doses. As

none of the poisons were intended to kill at the first dose, she barely avoided murder in these experiments. Next she poisoned a pigeon pie which was served up to her father's guests at a banquet. And, to ascertain still more accurately the exact effect of a dose, she then poisoned herself. Before trying this last experiment, however, she procured an antidote of Sainte Croix, and, after enduring sufficient suffering to satisfy her of the effects, she took this, and relieved herself.

Being now ready to go to work, she began on her father—administering the first dose to him in his chocolate. The poison worked well. The old man was taken ill; his affectionate daughter watched assiduously at his bedside; tenderly concocted nourishing soups for him, all poisoned, of course, and these gradually wore out his strength and life. In ten days he was dead! His death seemed so clearly the result of disease, that no suspicions were excited. Her brothers were called from a distance to perform the last sad duties to their father; they found their sister sunk in bitter grief. They essayed to comfort her. They remained with her—and she availed herself of their kindness to poison them. One La Chaussée was hired by Sainte Croix to administer the poison. In six weeks they were dead—all of them dead!

This was quick work, and suspicions were excited. But so carefully had all been managed that it was impossible to point to any reasonable grounds for it. The Marquise and her sister were now to share the estate between them. Sainte Croix, however, was inexorable. Less than the whole would not satisfy him, and so the sister's death was also determined on. But whether suspicion had been raised in her mind, or she merely thought the climate of her ancient home unfavorable to the longevity of her family, she prudently removed herself to a considerable distance, and thus escaped the death prepared for her.

Behold now the Marquise in possession of her ill-gotten wealth! Sainte Croix had been some time released from a confinement which, in those days, was no disgrace, being inflicted chiefly for political causes. His paramour had committed three murders to please him, and provide means for his extravagances. There was now one to be done on her own account. She seems to have eagerly loved Sainte Croix, and her chief desire now was to marry him. Although separated from him whose name she bore, she was not legally divorced. A suit for divorce was tedious and expensive. Poison was a speedier means of

release; and so she determined on the death of the Marquis.

It is strangely true, that bad as men may be they can seldom preserve their love for the base instruments of their crimes. Sainte Croix had no desire to marry his accomplice; he dared not refuse his consent to the murder of her husband. A novel thought struck him; he would counteract her poisons by antidotes! And accordingly the poor victim was tossed for a length of time between life and death, like a shuttle-cock between two battle-door players. La Brinvilliers poisoned him one day; Sainte Croix administered an antidote the next; and this continued actually for many days, till at length the poor victim escaped death, but at the expense of a ruined constitution and a broken heart.

Now came the day of retribution. A terrible and apparently not altogether unforeseen mischance brought all to light. The nature of the poisons which Sainte Croix compounded was so deadly that he was obliged, while working in his laboratory, to wear a glass mask to preserve himself from suffocation. One day the mask, insecurely fastened, slipped off. The corpse of the wretched man was found next morning in the obscure lodging where he had fitted up his laboratory. As no one claimed him—the Marquise knew naught of his death—the police took charge of his effects, and among these was found a small box, to which was affixed this singular writing:

"I humbly beg, that those into whose hands this box may fall, will do me the favor to deliver it into the hands only of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who resides in the Rue Neuve St. Paul, as every thing it contains concerns her, and belongs to her alone; and as, besides, there is nothing in it that can be of use to any person but her. In case she shall be dead before me, it is my wish that it be burned, with every thing it contains, without opening or altering any thing. In order that no one may plead ignorance, I swear by the God that I adore, and by all that is held most sacred, that I assert nothing but the truth; and if my intentions, just and reasonable as they are, be thwarted on this point by any person, I charge their consciences with it, both in this world and that which is to come, in order that I may unload mine. I protest that this is my last will. Done at Paris, May 25, 1672.

(Signed) SAINTE CROIX."

Curiosity was excited by this earnest solicitation. The box was broken open, and within were found some papers, some vials, and a small box of powders. The last were given to a chemist

for examination. Among the papers were found several implicating the Marquise and La Chausée, while among other effects of Sainte Croix was found a paper in the handwriting of La Brinvilliers, recounting to Sainte Croix the misdeeds of her life, and acknowledging the murder of her father and brothers. Hearing of her lover's death, and finding it impossible to obtain possession of his papers, the guilty woman made good her escape for a time. La Chausée was caught, tortured till he confessed his own guilt and that of his mistress, and was afterward, in March, 1673, broken alive on the wheel, on the Place de Greve, Paris.

After nearly three years' residence in England, La Brinvilliers ventured back to the continent, was taken by stratagem, brought to trial, and condemned to be drawn on a hurdle, with her feet bare, a rope about her neck, and a burning torch in her hand, to the great entrance of the cathedral of Notre Dame, there to ask pardon of the people, thence to the Place de Greve, where she was to be beheaded. This was done, and her body was afterward burned, and scattered to the winds. Here occurred one of the strangest freaks of popular folly on record. The populace of Paris came in crowds to collect the ashes of this most infamous of women. She was, for the time being, regarded as a martyred saint, and her ashes were by the people supposed to be endowed with the power of curing all diseases.

From this time till 1682 the poisoning mania—for nothing short of a mania can it be called—kept firm hold of the popular mind; poison every-where and in every thing. Friend poisoned friend, husband wife, and wife husband; brothers, by death, gained the inheritance of their sisters, and heirs subtly shortened the period of their probation, and hurried parents and uncles to untimely graves. Strangely enough, as poisoning became general other crimes decreased. But the prisons were full of convicted poisoners, and, worse yet, society was full of the unconvicted.

Cardinal Bonzy's estate was burdened with the payment of several annuities. A fatality seemed to pursue the poor annuitants. One after the other died in rapid succession. Gossip said that the Cardinal had bargained with Penaultier, treasurer of Languedoc, and an intimate of La Brinvilliers, to rid him of his charges. The Cardinal said, "Thanks to my star, I have outlived them all." A wit of the day, seeing him riding with Penaultier, said shrewdly, "There goes Cardinal Bonzy and his star."

As aforetime in Italy, women were the chief poison-venders. Two notorious crones, Lavoisin and Lavigoreux, united successfully the occupations of fortune-telling and trading in succession powders. They foretold deaths and then caused them; or, perhaps, oftener, foretold deaths *because* they caused them. Occupying themselves also as midwives, they used with terrible effect their hidden powers, and made the most dreadful murders so possible as to tempt the evil-disposed poor as well as rich.

Lavoisin kept a list of the persons who visited her house, and on her arrest, in 1679, this was seized by the police. The consternation was great, many eminent persons fearing to be compromised. In fact, on the list seized were found the names of the Duchess de Bouillon, the Countess de Goissons, and the Marechal de Luxembourg. Gossip reported that the latter had sold himself to the devil for the purpose of bringing about a marriage between his son and the daughter of the Marquis of Louvois. The Marechal, who surrendered himself voluntarily when the first breath of accusation was brought against him, replied nobly to this charge, "When Matthiew de Montmorency, my ancestor, married the widow of Louis le Gros, he did not have recourse to the devil, but to the States General, in order to obtain for the minor king the support of the house of Montmorency."

The Countess de Goissons made her escape, and never succeeded in clearing herself of the crime imputed to her of attempting the life of the Queen of Spain with succession powders.

Vigorous measures were taken by the Government to put down what had become a stigma upon the entire nation. The torture chamber, the stake, and the halter were mercilessly—perhaps mercifully—brought into requisition; but not till over one hundred persons had ignominiously suffered, did the poisoning mania cease.

In more modern times there has been fortunately no epidemic of this kind. Some years ago in Ireland the crime became seriously frequent, chiefly from the temptation held out by a peculiar form of holding lands; a tenant held his lease for the lives of several of his friends or relatives, and those anxious to succeed him managed sometimes to cause a sudden and inexplicable mortality among those on whose lives depended the tenure. Again, in England, within a few years, the establishment of burial clubs has caused a frequency of this particular kind of murder, with the object of getting of the clubs the money insured to defray the funeral expenses of the deceased. No slighter motive to so dread-

ful a crime can be conceived, and the people among whom such temptations can so prevail are indeed abjectly low. Stringent enactments have recently put down the occasion and the crime itself, we believe.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A WOLF once pass'd a meadow fair;
A lonely lamb was feeding there,
A helpless object to behold,
This little straggler from the fold;
Its shepherd listless in the shade,
As on his rustic pipe he play'd;
The watch-dogs on their post asleep,
Now mute protectors to the sheep.
The crafty wolf, with glad surprise,
The solitary lamb espies,
And in a soft and flattering style
Essays to catch his prey with guile.
"My pretty lamb, how snug you look
In this serene and sunny nook!
Methinks it must be passing sweet,
To spend one's days in such retreat;
To wander down these meadow ways,
And on this juicy herbage graze;
Then quench one's thirst beside the stream
That mirrors back each sunny gleam.
How sociably upon its brink
Each to the other's health might drink,
But for this ugly hedge of green,
That lifts so high its sullen screen."
"If this be true," replied the lamb,
"You're inoffensive as I am;
And it must be a false report,
The charge I've heard against you brought.
Folks say that herbs you never eat.
But living flesh or butcher's meat;
By your account on herbs you feed,
And simple plants that deck the mead;
Then what occasion to divide?
Let's feed together, side by side.
Just twenty yards, it may be, hence,
You'll find a gap within the fence;
Enlarge the hole—your teeth are strong,
The labor will not take you long."
With eager joy the wolf obey'd,
And soon the opening wider made;
Then clutch'd his victim in his claws,
And tore him piecemeal with his jaws.
We all, like silly sheep, are prone
To wander forth in paths alone;
And Scripture tells us of a foe,
Who on the earth "walks to and fro"—
An enemy with cunning power,
Still seeking whom he may devour;
And yet whose flattering speech the while
Is full of artifice and guile;
But safe that "little flock" of sheep,
Who by their heavenly Shepherd sleep;
The "sheep of his right hand" they are,
The people of his pasture fair.

THE BURDEN OF DRESS.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

NOW I want a talk with the ladies. Go away, gentlemen! You who gratify your own whims at almost any cost, and complain of expensive wives and daughters; and you simpletons, who rise, and bow, and scrape, and offer your seat to a silk dress in flounces, and can not see that modest, dignified old lady in calico standing near the door; and you severe lecturers, who must have your own coats cut in the latest fashion, and at the same time would like to pull off our pins, to make watches and pencils for yourselves—go away, the whole tribe of you! Leave me alone with my sisters, for I have somewhat to say to them.

Sit down, my friends, and let us converse, for I am one of you. I am no enthusiast, no ultraist, belle, nun, nor Bloomer. I am a woman, that bears with you a woman's burdens; that weeps for your wrongs, and shares in your griefs. And I come to talk over with you an important subject of common interest—the matter of dress.

We are all daughters of Eve, and all inherit the fig-leaves of her disgrace; and although they may be much enlarged, and frilled, and feathered, and flowered, and flounced—for women as well as men have sought out many inventions—yet they all point to the same origin. And, by the way, I have often wondered whether it was Eve who sewed the fig-leaves together for both herself and Adam. The Scripture says "they," but I fancy that—both consenting, which is sufficient for the Scripture narrative—it was Eve who did the sewing; for her daughters have had it to do ever since. And we have set about it with our might, woman-like, and in trying experiments and exercising our fancy, we have doubtless rather overdone the matter. I do not wish to quarrel with the memory of our venerable mother, but I am quite of the opinion, that if we had done less sewing, and dressing, and fussing, we should have secured a larger share of both intellectual and moral development. As it is, the spare moments that the young man may turn to so good an account in self-improvement, the young woman must spend in making and mending both for herself and her brother. Would that she spent her time only on necessary clothing!

But the whole thing is done. Mother Eve is gone—peace to her ashes! She doubtless regretted her failures in life more than we do, though, had she not made them, it is more than likely that some of her sons and daughters, the very

ones, perhaps, who blame her most, would have done as badly as she did. We now find her legacy of fig-leaves coming down to us, with the additions and exaggerations of nearly six thousand years, and it behooves us to be cautious lest we be crushed under this enormous burden.

You smile at this expression. You never felt the burden of dress? Come with me and I will show you those that do.

That poor mechanic's wife feels it, who thinks that herself and children can not appear abroad respectably without a certain amount of finery. She toils early and late, and sits up till the midnight of Saturday, to get some fancy article ready to be worn to Church. But it is still worse when Sunday comes, and one or more of the family must remain at home, because they will not be seen out with a half-worn garment or a patched shoe, or in clothing that is somewhat unseasonable. And we fear there may be many even in the still higher walks of life who sometimes remain at home on a Sunday, because their spring hat has been delayed a little too long, or because their cloak is not yet finished. All this without any complaint about the unmerciful demands of dress. And would not any thing else that imposed such restraints, or touched our dearest interests so closely, be considered a burden?

See that poor girl, who must depend on her own exertions for a living. She saves every penny most scrupulously from every other possible use, to devote it to dress. She takes up with the cheapest and poorest board, that she may have more to lay out in silks and velvets. She studies, and plans, and contrives, in order to make the greatest possible show with a given amount of means. She denies herself books, and charities, and amusements, and can not afford time to read even the newspapers, all for this one great object—showy dress.

Some one replies, that people should not undertake to dress so much, if they can not afford it. Let us see how it is with those who think they can afford it. In the morning they wait on the dress-maker, and milliner, and shoemaker, and merchant, and *lingiere*, to make all the necessary preparations for dress; and later in the day, with a due amount of consideration, and perplexity, and consultation, they array themselves in what they finally conclude to be the best calculated to create a profound sensation. Then they take their places in the parlor, to show their dress to their visitors, and talk it over with them; and in the evening they must needs go out to show it in the public assemblies—the opera, the theater, or the ball-room.

The greatest difference is that poor girls spend some of their time in earning what they put on, while the others devote all their time to spending what some one else has earned. The latter sit up even later at night, have more heart-burnings and rivalries in the matter, and altogether manage to make themselves much more miserable over it.

"But then we who are neither rich nor poor, who occupy the golden mean, we certainly do not feel the burden of dress."

I would it were so, my sisters. There is one item that would be very much in your favor if you would have it so. Your husbands and fathers are supposed to be making yearly additions to the amount of their property. You might then, at any time, easily place yourself in that enviable position of having more than enough of the wherewith to gratify all your desires. But does not the mere mention of such a state of things suggest at once to your mind some elegant shawl that you have been wishing, or a more expensive set of furs, or a new robe? Do not your desires exceed your means as much as those of the more extreme classes do theirs? If so, your prosperity becomes one of your greatest snares; for it is allowed to create a morbid anxiety, ever reaching, straining, trying to obtain something more costly. And is it not so? Question yourselves closely. Are you quite satisfied with such articles and materials as you were pleased with last year? If you are, you have gained one important point, and are in some measure relieved of the burden of dress.

I see that you still feel inclined to find fault with that last expression. You insist that what you take so much pleasure in can not well be a burden. I do not know about that. I have somewhere heard of such a thing as "hugging the chain that binds." It is doubtless very pleasant to spend a week in discussing the style of your fall dress, and looking at beautiful and rich materials till you are as nearly suited as may be. But is such a demand upon the time no burden?

I have heard it hinted that there are houses—I will not call them homes—where costly dress is obtained at the expense of nourishing food; where, as Cowper says,

"We sacrifice to dress till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry
And keeps our larders bare; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, pest, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

Then, again, is it nothing to degrade all the finer feelings of our natures by giving thoughts about dress the preëminence? How many are there that see in the exquisite pencillings of the carna-

tion, the richer tints of the dahlia, or the gorgeousness of the evening sunset, only the reflection of something wherewith to deck the person! I well recollect walking out with a lady one summer evening, a short distance in the crowded city. During the walk we suddenly emerged from the shaded street into an open space, where we had a fine view of the sky. The moon, just in the full, was sweeping up right royally, mellowing the deep blue of the night firmament, softening the gem-like radiance of the stars, and lighting up the snowy flecks of cloud that stretched across the heavens, as if vainly striving to hide from our view the inner glory. I was mute with admiration; but words came to the assistance of my companion. "How elegant!" she exclaimed; "do you know? those fleecy clouds always remind me of sheeny silk? I'd like to have a dress like that. I do so admire sheeny silk!"

There was a class of young ladies whose hearts were bound together by long years of social and intellectual communion. The time had come when they must separate, and go to distant homes. With quite an outlay of expense and trouble they had arranged to dress uniformly at their parting soirée. Incidental circumstances occurring at the last moment prevented the entire accomplishment of their plans. Misunderstandings and accusations followed. Friends of the parties were involved in the dispute, and the final partings came not in love, but in anger. Ah, did those dear girls think upon the altar of what an ugly Moloch they sacrificed the tender friendships that had been the growth of years! Did they realize that the burden on their sad hearts—the burden that cast its ominous shadow far down the pathway of their young lives, was the burden of dress?

Again: does not personal piety suffer from the allurements of dress? Now, doubtless, the sanctuary of God is, of all places, the most unsuitable for a display of dress. Methinks, however, that this fashion of dressing much for Church pleaseth Satan right well. How is it with you who go there for worship, when you see articles of dress that challenge your admiration? Do they not at once suggest some plan for improving your own wardrobe? Does not your mind wander off in various speculations on the subject, that quite shut out the valuable truths that God meanwhile is sending to your ears? And will he not require it at your hands? Are you ready to bear this burden? And you, of another stamp, who pride yourselves in plain dress, for which you take so much pains, and then go and sit in the place of worship to criticise the dress of others, do ye not become judges

of evil thoughts, and thus crush out in your own hearts the grace of Christian charity? Ah, my friends, it is much to be feared that we shall, many, if not all, of us, one day find the burden of dress greater than we shall be willing to bear!

"What do you propose, then?" inquires one patient listener. "We must dress in something. I suppose it is the changing fashions to which you object. You would doubtless have us all turn Quakeresses." Not at all! I think there are few people in the world upon whom the burden of dress weighs more heavily than upon the well-meaning but misguided Friends. The cut of the coat and the shade of the shawl become matters of public and private gossip and scandal; nay, more, the very criteria by which the soundness of their theology and the depth of the piety of their wearers is to be judged.

As to the fashions, though we think it would be a fine arrangement to imitate, in its abiding simplicity, the style of the ancient Greek and Roman ladies, we do not forget that we, a handful, are not the leaders of the ton. We do not expect to model the world over to our liking; but the great question is how to live in it as we find it, without being oppressed by the servile requirements of dress, either physically, mentally, or spiritually.

It has been beautifully said by some old author, that the best possible style of a lady's dress is that which can not be remembered after leaving her presence. Of course this rule can not be the criterion among gossips and fashion-mongers, who will scrutinize your dress, be it what it may. But the idea can be put in another form, which all of us can adopt—let your dress *attract* no attention.

Now, pray, dear ladies, do not get up that senseless plea of the necessity of some room for the display of taste. And what is taste? The rule that we propose will leave abundance of room for the development of that beautiful, but much neglected art—the harmony of colors and their fitness to different complexions. More independence of fashion will also allow us to retain many styles of apparel peculiarly fitted to us as individuals, the general effect of which would be pleasing, not showy. In reality, the rule must ever be—the less finery the better the taste, and the cultivation of a higher order of taste would soon follow the introduction of our principle—such taste as the best painters use, in clothing their female forms, where the drapery is made entirely subservient to the expression of character, and the details of dress are altogether secondary, and are not allowed to detract from gracefulness of mien and the outward expression of

nobility of soul. We would not have the lady less lovely, but we would have her less vain. Is it not indeed shocking to all true taste for a fashionable lady to appear, as she too often does, like a perambulating clothes-rack and hat-stand, laden with a quantity of promiscuous specimen finery, from under which the face of the owner peeps, to see what people are thinking of the display! What really-modest and sensible lady would intentionally place herself in such a predicament! Ah, when shall we see the time that virtuous women will no longer trick themselves out to attract the public eye, but leave such proceedings to those whose costly finery tells but too truly the shameless secret of its purchase! But have you considered this beautiful rule, my friends? Do you observe that whereas heretofore you have been anxious to procure such articles as will call forth the remarks of your friends, this rule, if adopted, will induce you to avoid all such observation? Nor should you make the remarks you hear your only criteria on this subject. You will be obliged to scrutinize your motives closely in the selection of purchases and the arrangement of your attire, and you will doubtless be much surprised at the frequency with which the inquiry will arise, what will so and so think of this? and you find yourself inclining to the selection of the more showy or expensive article. And here please allow me just one specific hint. Bright colors are to be avoided. Nothing attracts the attention sooner or at a greater distance. We know it is urged that our heavenly Father made the colors, and therefore we may wear them. So, too, he made fire, the most brilliant, glorious, and, to the untutored eye, the most attractive of all created things, but this is no reason why we should wrap ourselves in it.

Of course we take it for granted that the ladies with whom we are conversing are modest, and do not wish their dress to attract attention; but if, after all, you observe that it does attract attention in the street, and especially the attention of gentlemen; if you find the eye of the stranger repeatedly resting upon it, if only for a moment, that is a hint—take it. All this may seem an onerous task, and make the remedy appear worse than the disease. Not so, we trust. It always requires effort to change any habit, but the change once made then comes the reward. You will be at rest, such a rest as perchance you never knew before.

The great beauty of this rule is the facility of its application to every case—its eminent practicability to every one who is determined to carry it out—a quality which we think can not be asserted of any other rule on this subject. Do you

say that I am excluding the Bible rule? Not at all! *This* is the Bible rule! I know we are told that we must not be "conformed to this world." But what is conformity to the world? Is it not indulging the "lust of the eye," the "pride of life"—courting observation, not avoiding it? And some think that we ought to make ourselves singular in our plainness, so as to suffer a small sort of persecution on account of our dress. I confess that I do not find that in my Bible. What saith it? "In like manner that women adorn themselves in *modest* apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair, nor gold, nor pearls, nor costly array." Here is no particular cut prescribed, but it is not, *not*, nor with any thing that will attract attention.

Perhaps I may have pained some sensitive ears by those strong expressions, "shamefacedness and sobriety." But they are in our Bible, and they are addressed to us by our heavenly Father through his servant Paul; and the same sentiments again through the apostle Peter. These Scriptures certainly mean something, and they mean it for us, women—all women, but especially Christian women. It behooves us to find out what they mean. Nay, my sisters, let us not close our eyes against these divine messages. In the most tender loving-kindness have they been given us, and if we follow their teachings confidently they will lead us in the way of wonderful peace and rest, and that, too, in the very matters wherein we have had so many cares, anxieties, jealousies, and rivalries.

Contentment, that godlike virtue, will then find its abode in our hearts, and shine out on our countenances to cheer those around us. We shall scatter away many a cloud that now rests on the brow of a beloved husband or father; and we may, perchance, become a little more like the ministering angels to which we are sometimes likened; for I'm thinking that an angel tricked out in the adornments of a modern belle would be a monstrosity. We should be able to possess ourselves of mental accomplishments now beyond our reach, and thus, instead of hanging all the ornaments on the outer walls to attract the attention of passers-by, we shall make the dwelling lovely within, where we can invite our friends to cheer themselves by the light of our intellect, or the warmth of our affections. We shall find time for the Lord's work, and may for the Lord's treasury, and the world will be the better for our having lived in it. Then may we hope to hear at last the "well done, good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful over a few things—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE LAST PARTY.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"**T**HEN you have really concluded to go to the party to-night?" said Mr. Wilmot, as he shoved his chair back from the tea-table, and drew his watch nervously from his pocket.

"Well, yes, my dear, I do n't see how I can avoid it very well. You say you can not leave your business—but Mr. and Mrs. Grey will call for me; so I shall be well taken care of. Sorry you can not go, however."

Mr. Wilmot sat for a moment, then said, "I can not go, and even if I could, I do not think I should wish to. I wish you could feel as I do about this party business, Louisa. Only think how much better it would be for your health—how much pleasanter it would be for me, and what a blessing it would be to our little ones, if you could make up your mind to spend more of your evenings at home."

A shadow settled upon the brow of Mrs. Wilmot. "O, dear! that's the way you always talk when I want to go any where. If it is n't convenient for *you* to accompany me, you always seem determined to spoil *my* pleasure. It's downright selfish in you; so, there!"

"Louisa, do not say *that*—you know it is unjust. Have I ever denied you any reasonable gratification? Have I not, through all the years of our married life, treated you kindly, and tried to make you happy?"

Tears filled Mrs. Wilmot's eyes; but she made no reply, and Mr. Wilmot went on—

"There was a time when you could enjoy yourself at home, and find pleasure in trying to make your husband and children happy; but now you seem to care for nothing but parties, balls, operas, theaters, and like entertainments. The silly, unmeaning flattery of a stranger has more influence over you than the honest love of your husband; and the moral and physical welfare of our little ones is given into the hands of hirelings, that you may have more time to devote to the goddess of Fashion. This is all wrong, Louisa. Your own good sense tells you so; and I trust that you will think candidly upon the subject, and resolve after this evening to care less for the outside world—to live more the life of a true and noble woman, which I believe at heart you really are."

Mr. Wilmot came round and laid his hand gently upon his wife's shoulder, but she pushed it rudely away, and burying her face in her handkerchief began to sob hysterically.

"Do not be angry with me, Louisa," said he;

"if any thing I have said seems harsh or unkind, forgive me."

There was a tremor in Mr. Wilmot's voice, and something very like a tear glistened in his eye as he turned away from the dining-room and went into the hall. He had taken up his hat and his hand was on the door-knob, when a sweet voice called out from the top of the stairs,

"O, wait a minute, wait a minute, dear papa! I want to speak to you."

A smile chased the gloom from the father's brow as he folded the tiny form of his darling closely to his bosom and said, "What is it my little Fannie wants to say?"

The child twined her dimpled arms lovingly about his neck, and nestled her sweet face, so rosy and dimpled, closely up to his bearded cheek, as she whispered, "*I love you, dear papa, I love you.*"

"Ah! I'm glad of that. But is this all you want to say to me?"

"No, papa; I want to ask you if you won't please to come home early to-night, and sit with us in the nursery while mamma is away."

"I will if I can, Fannie; but I am very busy."

"O, *do come, papa,*" pleaded the little one.

"And why are you so earnest about it, my child; why do you wish me to sit with you?"

"I do n't like to tell."

"Yes, tell me; Fannie, why is it?"

"Because nurse Hetty gets the baby to sleep, and then tells the dreadfulest stories about ghosts and goblins to scare Frank and me, and goes off and leaves us all in the dark when mamma is away."

A look of anger darted from the father's eye. "How often does Hetty do this?" said he.

"Most every night. O, dear! I wish mamma would stay with us *sometimes.*" And little Fannie began to sob.

"There, do n't cry, darling. I will come home early to-night, and see that Hetty does not abuse you. Why have you not told me of her conduct before?"

"Because I dare not. I said I would tell you, one night, and she looked at me *dreadful* with her big black eyes, and took hold of my arm *so hard*, and said if I did she would shut me up in the dark closet, where the ghosts and goblins would eat me all up in a minute."

"Wretch!" murmured Mr. Wilmot. "She shall not hurt you, Fannie. There, kiss me, darling, and do n't cry any more. I will come home early," and putting the child down he walked into the street.

O, how his heart ached as he threaded the busy

thoroughfare, musing the while upon the sad condition of his home affairs. Poor man, it had not always been thus. The first years of his wedded life were joyous ones. His home was a paradise of peace and love; and Louisa, the good angel that presided over all, seemed never so happy as when her cheering words and loving smiles filled her husband's heart and home with melody and sunshine. Ah, those were blissful days, and Mr. Wilmot turned back to them longingly in memory, with a feeling akin to that which the thirsty traveler feels, when, on the burning Sahara, he remembers some flower-gemmed oasis, far back in his journey, where he rested beneath the cool shade and laved his parched lips in the gushing fountain. And, like the desert pilgrim, Mr. Wilmot gazed eagerly out into the arid future, praying that *another oasis* might yet gladden his life journey.

Evening came. Mrs. Wilmot stood before her mirror arrayed for the party. Her toilet was faultless; from the elegant coiffure to the dainty satin slipper, every thing spoke an exquisite taste and lavish expenditure of money. She turned slowly round several times, viewing every part of her glittering attire with a critic's eye, then said, half aloud and half to herself, "Yes, they will admire and envy me for my costly robes and jewels. Wonder if any will envy me my *happiness!*" A bitter smile rested upon the thin lips, and a look of care and anxiety settled upon her fair young face, which the plentiful coat of lily-white and rouge could not conceal. As she stood thus the door softly opened a little ways, and Fannie's sunny head peeped through the aperture. She gazed in childish wonder for a moment upon the jewels which blazed like stars on her mother's arms and bosom, and upon the robe which flashed back the light from every fold; then clapping her tiny hands with joy, she burst into the room exclaiming,

"Beautiful! beautiful mamma!"

Mrs. Wilmot turned round with an impatient gesture. "Why do you come to trouble me now?" said she. Have I not told you never to bother me when I am dressing to go out? Go back to the nursery this moment, and if you want any thing tell Hetty to get it for you."

"But Hetty told me to come down and tell you that the baby was sick."

"Well, I can't help it if he is. Tell Hetty to give him some paregoric," and Mrs. Wilmot took an embroidered and highly-perfumed handkerchief from her drawer.

"Please, mamma, may n't I kiss you before you go?" said Fannie timidly.

"No! I never saw such a child as you are. You always want to kiss me if I have any thing on that you can muss."

"But I'll be very careful not to touch your head-dress or collar."

"Pshaw! don't be so foolish, Fannie. There is no necessity of your kissing me now. *Wait till to-morrow.*"

Thus repulsed, the little one turned away. A grieved look rested upon her sweet face—her eyes were full of tears, and great sobs came up from her aching heart as she retraced her steps to the nursery and delivered her message to Hetty, who was holding a puny specimen of neglected infancy upon her lap, endeavoring to jolt it into silence. So the paregoric was administered, and in a few moments the poor babe forgot its pain in the death-like stupor which the poisonous dose produced, and was tumbled away for the night into its cold crib.

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Grey called, and Mrs. Wilmot accompanied them to the party. It was a "*splendid affair*," and "*very select*," composed chiefly of bewhiskered and brainless aristocrats; ladies all ablaze with jewels and glittering in their rich brocades and satins; perfumery; very "*foin*" music; refreshments, etc.

Mrs. Wilmot mingled with the thoughtless throng, and seemed the gayest of the gay; but her heart lay like a leaden weight in her bosom. She longed for the festive scene to be over, and said to herself many times in course of the evening, "*I will never attend another such party—this shall be my last.*" Ah! little she dreamed what cause she would have to remember her *last party*.

When Mr. Wilmot told little Fannie that he would come home early he meant to keep his word, and he would have done so; but once in his counting-room, the press of business made it impossible for him to leave, as he intended. One perplexing matter after another came up, and had to be disposed of—time slipped away, and the clock was on the stroke of ten before he was aware of it. Then starting up hastily he said to his confidential clerk:

"Here, John, finish posting this page; take care of the books and papers, and see that things are all safe for the night. I can not stay to see the store shut up. I ought to have been at home two hours ago;" and turning into the street he walked away with rapid strides in the direction of home. He had gone but a little ways when the fire bell pealed out its fearful alarm. He glanced eagerly around, but the tall buildings on either side hemmed in his vision, and he could see, as yet, no signs of the devouring element. A fearful

thought flashed through his mind, and he hurried forward with all speed. He turned the corner just as the red flames burst forth from the roof of his own dwelling, and swept up in one broad sheet toward the star-spangled sky. Rushing wildly forward to the scene of terror, he called frantically the names of his children, but they were no where to be found. A moment more and he had entered the burning building, determined to rescue or perish with his loved ones. Up the blazing stairway, along the flaming corridor, he ran, and burst open the nursery door. Little Fannie was kneeling, with her tiny hands clasped, in the middle of the floor; Frank, the picture of terror, was sitting upright in his cot; and baby, still unconscious, from the effects of the paregoric, lay upon his pillow with the semblance of death on his white face. It was but the work of an instant, and Mr. Wilmot had snatched the babe to his bosom, and clasped Frank with his other arm.

"Quick, Fannie! follow me. Do n't be afraid; I will save you all," he exclaimed, as he stepped into the corridor, which was now walled in with hissing, crackling flames.

"Close to me, Fannie! close to me! Do n't be afraid," he said, as he reached the stairs and commenced the perilous descent.

"Yes, dear papa," said a sweet voice, and the next instant, just as Mr. Wilmot reached the foot of the stairs with his precious burden, there was a wild shriek. He looked back and saw his darling enveloped in a sheet of fire, and before he could throw the babe and Frank into the friendly arms that were outstretched to receive them, and spring back to her rescue, there was a crash; the heavy banisters and upper part of the stairs fell in, and Fannie disappeared among the cruel flames. O, God! what a moment of agony was that! The father's frantic cries rang out above the roar of the flames and crash of falling timbers, as he called upon his darling; and just then, to add to the horror of the scene, a carriage dashed up, and Mrs. Wilmot was lifted out in a dead faint. In a few moments, however, she recovered, and springing to her feet rushed wildly toward the burning building, calling alternately the names of her children. Strong arms were instantly outstretched to save her, and a friendly voice assured her that Frank and the baby were safe.

"But Fannie! Fannie! where is she?" cried Mrs. Wilmot.

The man shook his head.

O, then what a thrilling cry of hopeless woe and utter despair went up from the wretched

mother's lips, and she sank insensible upon the ground.

Kind friends bore her from the dreadful place. Stout hearts melted with pity, and tears bedewed many a rough cheek, as the little procession moved along the street; and when at length they reached the home of the good man who had insisted upon giving them a temporary home, Mrs. Wilmot lay so white and still that the fearful whisper went round, "*She is dead.*" But she was not dead; for in time the life-tide crept back to her heart, her breath came quick and irregular, then her eyes unclosed, and she glared with a maniac's stare around the room. She called piteously the name of her lost darling, and begged her to come back, that she might kiss her sweet lips once more. Then she seemed to see her enveloped in fire, parched and blackened with the cruel flames, and her shrieks were dreadful as she called herself the murderer, and prayed in frenzied agony for forgiveness.

Days passed thus, and the physicians thought the poor woman must die; but He who holds the lives of all in his hands, knew what was best for her, and she lived. Reason returned to its throne, and she was restored to her family again, a sadly-changed but better woman.

Years passed. Other children were added to the home circle, and the home of the Wilmots was a model of peace and earthly happiness. But a shadow ever rested on the mother's brow, and there was a quiet, mournful look in her deep eyes which told, even to strangers, that some great sorrow was ever present in her heart. She did not brood over her bitter life-lesson selfishly, but endeavored always to be cheerful; and all her intercourse with family and friends was characterized by a touching and thoughtful tenderness, which endeared her very much to those who knew her. She seemed entirely forgetful of self and selfish motives, and her only desire in life was to benefit others.

Thus years and years went by. The children grew up one after the other, and were happily settled in life; Mr. Wilmot went to dwell in the better land; and Mrs. Wilmot lived on.

And now, even while I write, a dear old lady, with the frosts of many winters on her hair, and a look of heaven on her brow, sits in her easy chair in the pleasantest corner of the parlor. List! do you not hear the creak of the ancient rockers, and the click, click of the shining needles, as she knits and rocks herself softly to and fro? Now there is the quick patter of little feet in the hall; the door opens, and *Fannie*, the pet and darling of the household, comes in, and goes

straight to the corner, to pour her childish sorrow into grandmamma's willing ear. The knitting is quickly laid down—the thin hand strays caressingly over the sunny curls, and the loving words which her pale lips murmur are surely like "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" for they chase the tears from the little one's face, and cause it to glow with rosy smiles as she bounds away to her play again.

Now the trembling hand takes up the shining needles again, but tears glisten behind the dear old lady's spectacles. Ah! now they steal quietly over her white cheeks, and sparkle like gems as they fall softly upon the black silk apron; and we know that *our Fannie* has called to mind the golden-haired Fannie of years ago, and that grandmamma Wilmot is thinking of her *last party*.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THAT diamond-flashing scepter—

That regal robe of state—

Those halls of princely grandeur—

The dwellings of the great—

That crown with jewels studded—

That shield of rare device—

Ah! who would wish to own them,

Who counts their fearful price!

Their price! Within the nations

Where thrones majestic stand,

The blood of murdered thousands

Cries out from all the land.

And fearful wails at morning,

And prayers for death at night,

Go up amid their scorning

Who reckon life so light.

Groans bitterly out-breathing,

Woes that may not be told—

What are they to the nations

Who barter blood for gold?

Ho! ye of prophet-vision,

Who watch for coming things,

Is there no bolt of vengeance

To strike these sordid kings?

See how their fierce oppression

Is weighing down mankind;

See how the clouds of anguish

Roll o'er the human mind!

Is there no angel standing

On the eternal shore,

Swearing, by earth and heaven,

That this shall be no more?

Ah! mid this earthly tumult,

My spirit, be thou calm;

Lo! heaven is just above thee,

And God hath said, "I AM!"

FEMALE PHILANTHROPY.

SECOND PAPER.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"How large a portion of that bliss, which springs
First from His love, who every gift imparts,
Is nurtured in the noiseless communings
Of human hearts?
And thence diffused, still blessing and to bless,
A heritage to ages yet to come;
Itself the element of happiness
Beyond the tomb."

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" have been made so prominent a subject of discussion, and have been viewed and discussed in such opposing lights, that intelligent Christian women have been constrained to measure anew their gifts, their privileges, and their opportunities. We might dwell a little on woman's tested capabilities of government, as proved by Zenobia of Palmyra and Elizabeth of England—on their power of entering in politics, as evidenced by Madame de Stael, Madame Roland, and Madame Maintenon, while their native land produced a Charlotte Corday, who stabbed a tyrant to the heart in the vain hope of rescuing her country from the oppressive power. Or think we of science? Mrs. Somerville receives the diploma freely awarded by those most jealous of their rights. Of literature? We have Hannah More on morals, Miss Edgeworth on education, Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Browning in sweet and solemn verse, with a host of others, who in this nineteenth century have given ample proof that there are but few subjects that woman's mind can not grasp, but very few that her pen has not aided to illustrate and adorn. But we turn to the walks of philanthropy and Christian kindness, and know—that however woman's rights or capabilities on other points may be questioned—we here can claim not only equal but superior ground.

Who watches by the sick and dying bed of those most dear on earth, and, though the physical frame is worn and weary, and the lacerated, quivering heart is bleeding at every pore, thinks not, dreams not of self while the dear one in whom her very life seems merged can claim or receive her care? "I felt her first breath, I will feel her last," was the exclamation of a mother who had been supporting for hours a dying daughter's head, when urged to yield her wearisome office to another; and, though hours more intervened, that post, so full of anguish, was not relinquished till that last breath was hushed in death's deep sleep. Who watches infancy, and rears childhood, and molds the minds that

mold the world? Who supports manhood amid reverse of fortune, the pressure of sickness, and the prostration of bereavement? Who originated the orphan's asylum in our land—if not in others—but Isabella Graham and other kindred spirits? And who sustains by their labors, if they did not originate them—of this we are not sure—the asylums for the blind, the magdalen, the aged indigent, etc.? And of whom above all others can it be said, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me?" Of Howard, has been the response for many years; and justly did he obtain the title of the philanthropist even among the Christian host. But "there is a glory that excelleth." "The glory of the celestial is one, the glory of the terrestrial is another"—and it was reserved for Mrs. Fry, "the female Howard," to lay deep the foundations of Christian spiritual effort, reaching not only to the body, but to the soul of the degraded prisoner. "Unprotected and alone she dared to venture into scenes that would appall the stoutest heart, and which the single principle alone by which she was actuated could have sustained hers; with true Christian courage she ventured to explore the dreary abodes of calamity and crime, of execration and despair. The power of Him who stopped the mouths of lions in the prophet's den, stopped those of scarcely less savage beings. Her mild demeanor awed their rebellious spirit into peace. She had long been projecting the means how to relieve those most desperate and forlorn of human beings. She had conceived a hope that what was flagitious might not be incorrigible, and adopted a well-digested plan for their *religious* improvement." It was in this respect we claim the preëminence for our Howard; for it was the soul-subduing, heart-impelling religion of Jesus which dwelt in her as a continual well-spring of benevolent action, which strengthened her vision to look beyond the bounds of time to the eternity to which those vicious ones were hastening with accelerated speed, and urged her with a sweetness and power that could not be resisted to proffer the bread of life to the hungry, the water of life to the thirsty, the garments of salvation to the naked, the opening of the prison door to those who were morally bound. And, so far as the heavens are higher than the earth, so far as eternity stretches beyond the limits of time, so far as that which is spiritual exceeds that which is eternal, do the efforts to feed, to clothe, to enlighten the immortal soul of man exceed all efforts to perform like offices for the perishing body.

We have, in a previous sketch, given an outline of Mrs. Fry's plans and success in relation to female prisoners confined in Newgate. Those plans have been adopted not only throughout England and Scotland, but in France, Germany, and other European countries, and probably with some modifications in our own land, with the utmost success. Founded upon and supported by the principles of our holy religion, they are laid so deep and wide that the precepts of Jesus must cease to operate in purity and power ere they can lessen in circumference or be shaken by any extraneous influence. Therefore to compute what has been done—in this respect alone—we must take our stand at the judgment-seat of Christ, and there be able to count the multitudes who, in exulting joy, cast their crowns at the Redeemer's feet, and praise him anew for the instrumentality which snatched them from the lowest depths of human degradation; made prisoners of Newgate the freedmen of the Lord, and enables them to make heaven's high arches ring with the victorious song of everlasting jubilee.

Wonderful as were the plans and results as sketched in a previous article, they were but the beginning of Mrs. Fry's philanthropic efforts; therefore, though we could dwell long upon interesting prison scenes, we must pass on, if we would present even the general outline as a specimen of what woman, by the grace of God, has accomplished.

"Feeling deeply the danger to which liberated prisoners were exposed by reunion with their former associates, she planned a house of refuge, to which they could retire till suitable openings for service or employment were observed; and while there their good impressions were deepened by the untiring supervision of that band of ladies, by Scripture reading, admonition and prayer. Various other projects, some temporary, some abiding, were attempted with great success, all with the same object in view, and tending to the same end—these prison arrangements being permanently made, and placed, in a good degree, under the city authorities, while the Christian feeling, now deeply awakened, multiplied means and assistants to carry them into full execution.

"Mrs. Fry had now time—without relinquishing them—to turn her thoughts in other channels. And now a magnificent project filled her mind, and again urged her to the most unceasing effort. It was the formation of *libraries*, for the use of the Coast Guards in all their various stations around the British Isles." She visited many of their stations, and made various inquiries respecting their characters and necessities; generously

sympathizing with their wives and children, so unfavorably situated for schools and all means of improvement. While she observed their disadvantages in many places around the coast of England, she understood that their situation was far more deplorable in various districts of Scotland and around the shores of Ireland. She formed the magnificent design, therefore, of furnishing *every station* with a choice library of entertaining and religious books, that by this means the minds of the seamen might be instructed, and, through them, their wives be excited to seek the instruction of their numerous children.

But the question of funds was serious, as the enterprise must necessarily be expensive; for she learned that there were about five hundred of the Coast Guard stations included in the seventy-four districts. She calculated that each library would cost at least £3, and that not less than £1,500—about \$6,000—would be required for the work. Her heart was set upon it, and she resolved she would make an effort to accomplish it. She thought the Government ought to do something in this matter, and that if one pound toward each library was furnished by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, she might obtain the rest by an appeal to the public. After some difficulty she obtained this grant. A committee was formed of most respectable and intelligent gentlemen, to oversee the work; another committee to overlook and select suitable books; and in fifteen months from Mrs. Fry's first suggestion this noble plan was fully completed. The station libraries contained 25,896 volumes; but as they progressed in the work it struck Mrs. Fry that if each of the districts could have a larger library besides, to which all might have access, the usefulness and variety would be greatly enhanced. The committee entered fully into her views in this particular, and resolved on the extension of the plan, especially as they had obtained handsome presents from various booksellers. It was ascertained upon close inquiry that these stations contained 20,000 inhabitants, including children, who were for the most part excluded, by the distance from the surrounding towns, of all religious instruction. "The women and children in such circumstances, being almost entirely excluded from all human intercourse besides their own little circles, demanded the generous sympathy of all benevolent persons; and to provide for their intellectual and moral improvement was a project worthy the head and heart of Mrs. Fry. She had some time previous to this obtained libraries for the seamen confined in the naval hospitals. She now made an effort to have the forty-eight revenue

cutters supplied, in which she also succeeded; and all this was obtained *mainly* through her own efforts to interest others, and to raise the necessary funds; though we rejoice to say that it seemed only to need the suggestion of a mind like hers to arouse the British community to suitable, liberal action. The labor of selecting and transmitting these books was immense; yet only one library was lost in the whole transportation; and it must be remarked that the time, attention, and money were *all gratuitously bestowed*.

"The cost of these libraries was estimated at £5,000; but from the liberality of the booksellers, who made large presents or great discounts, and the fact that the carriage and wharfage were in many instances furnished wholly without charge, it fell much below that amount. After all this was accomplished, many books still remained; these were appropriated to form a library, which had been much desired by many, for the numerous tide waiters and officers at the Custom House, Gravesend."

It is surprising to read the correspondence of Mrs. Fry with the various gentlemen with whom she was associated—such wide sweep of thought, such retentive memory, such perfect business talent, and, mingled with these, occasional reference to domestic circumstances, which, from time to time, a little hindered her in her public engagements. The marriage and illness of her daughters are referred to in a manner that proves that maternal feelings were never lost in public duties; that though the circle of her benevolent action was indeed large in circumference, yet home was the center which proved its concentrated strength.

We have contemplated only her public life; but in a most interesting biography, published by her daughters, we are introduced to her more private actions, through which we learn, that while such onerous public duties were accomplished, her home circle was neither overlooked nor neglected. It is impossible, in a sketch like this, to give a full view of such a character; to analyze and then combine and picture forth the elements which, in their beautiful proportion, formed a living personification of all that is strong, and sweet, and of good report in woman's character. Among the most prominent traits was perfect self-control, enabling her at all times to manifest that calm, possessed manner, that regard to others' feelings, that aptitude to every religious instruction, which gave her vast influence at all times over all persons. Another trait was indomitable perseverance. She was not one of those who warmly embrace a philanthropic pursuit, and then as easily forsake it. Month after month,

and year after year, she labored in any plan of mercy which she thought it her duty to undertake, and never forsook it in heart and feeling, even when her health or other circumstances, not under her control, closed the door for a time on her personal exertions.

"There can, indeed, be no doubt that her natural endowments were peculiarly fitted, under the sanctifying influence of divine grace, or, in other words, it was the anointing of the Spirit of the Lord which was, in fact, her *main* qualification for every service in the Gospel, for every labor of Christian love. This it was that imparted a heavenly sweetness to her countenance, brightness and clearness to her words, a sacred melody in times of religious solemnity to her voice, and a strength and facility to her actions. It was, indeed, the *gift of God*, supernaturally bestowed from the fountain of his grace, by which she was enabled to move, speak, and act in his service, and by which her natural faculties—his gifts by creation—were purified, enlarged, and directed."

The power of varying her avocations as they might suddenly arise, was one trait of character which shone conspicuously in her long and busy days; when, early in the morning, she would perform the charities of domestic life which claimed her tenderest care, and then exchange them for the cell of the dying malefactor; or grasp the hand of her but just awakened to her awful fate, on the very brink of eternity; or go to one who, impatient of delay, was meditating an escape from life, unwilling to be gazed at by the expectant crowd.

In these points particularly the character of Mrs. Fry presents a strong contrast to that of the renowned women of the Romish Church. Their devotion to works of charity and love—and they were many and great—involved the renunciation of every domestic tie, the repression of woman's strongest affections, a severance from all earthly communings to a degree, which "He who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and understands the natures he has made, never requires.

We contemplate Mrs. Fry "as a private lady, attached by all the ties of domestic life, who came forward, with all the delicacy and refinement of a woman, to put in force with discretion and constancy plans of practical utility conceived by herself, with the wisdom and precision of a Christian legislator, and which, at this time, have, with modifications, been made serviceable to all Europe." After a lingering illness, borne, of course, with Christian fortitude and sweetness, this admirable woman finished her earthly career, at the

age of sixty-six, after thirty years of arduous public labors. Her last words were, "This is a strife, but I am safe." Her decease produced an extraordinary sensation throughout the town of Ramsgate—where she died—and throughout the community generally as soon as it was known. The seamen of the Coast Guards were anxious to do all they could to manifest respect for their late benefactress, and lowered their flag half-mast—the same as if the Queen had died—till the funeral. It was conducted in a strictly-unostentatious style, in conformity with the recognized custom of the Society of Friends; but all that the public could do, by crowding in thousands to the funeral, by eulogium and addresses of every kind, was done, to show their high estimation of her character, and their sense of the great loss occasioned by her demise.

We close by calling the attention of our young friends to one particular fact. There was but *one* Mrs. Fry in all these grand movements; but there were *hundreds* of females who assisted her day by day, and year by year, to carry them on, and *without whom* these mighty plans would have been bright visions—but nothing more! Their names are not prominent on earth, but they are written underneath hers in the book of life above, and will share with her the glorious rewards of the judgment-day.

Therefore, let us remember, if we can not originate great plans of benevolence, we can all aid in some way to carry out those already in action around us; and though we may sometimes mourn that we have but two or five talents committed unto us, the time is coming when, if faithfully improved, our Lord will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful over a few things; henceforth I make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MY FIRST GRIEF:

BY NETTIE MARVINE.

THE day was gradually drawing to a close. The shadows in the door-yard were deepening as I, with my little playmate Alice, stood on the door-step watching the sunset.

Alice was a sweet little blossom of five summers, and I, but a few months her senior, was her chosen friend. She was an orphan. Her father died in her early infancy, and two years later her mother also departed, leaving her only child to the care of strangers. But God, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," did not forget the

little Alice. Kind hearts pitied the orphan babe, and loving hands stretched forth to receive her.

All day long had we played together, and pure pleasure, such as childhood only knows, had been ours. Now night was fast approaching, and as we had stood so many times before so did we then, gazing earnestly upon the king of day, as, wrapped in his gorgeous drapery, he sank lower and lower till his bright beams seemed to be quenched in the blue waters of the bay, just visible in the distance. Night spread her sable mantle around us. Pale Luna arose, and led forth a host of glittering stars, that with loving eyes looked down upon us. "See," cried Alice, "how beautiful! Do you know," and turning to me she lowered her voice to a whisper, "do you know that I think heaven is just above the sky, and the stars are windows, through which the angels look down upon us? When I see that star," she continued, pointing to a very bright one that had just arisen over the church steeple, "it always seems as if mother were looking down and saying, 'Be good, Alice.'" Just then my mother's cheerful voice was heard saying, "Come in now, children," and Alice, declining to enter, tripped homeward. The next day I looked long for Alice, but she came not. At noon I heard that she was ill; in the night she was seized with croup, and ere another sunset Alice was no more.

They told me she was dead; that she would never more speak to me. In tears I begged to see her, and my mother taking me by the hand led me to the home of Alice.

How silent every thing was! A solemn stillness pervaded the very atmosphere. The family moved about with noiseless tread. Alice's rippling laugh was not heard. I listened in vain for her light footfall. An indefinable feeling of awe came over me, and trembling I followed my mother to the room where Alice lay robed in the habiliments of the grave, yet not Alice, for her spirit, pure as the white rose-bud she clasped in her tiny hand, had joined the seraph throng, and, perchance, was then culling immortal flowers in the gardens of paradise. So natural she looked, with her fair hair parted on her forehead, and nestling in golden ringlets close to her snowy cheek, that I half expected those blue eyes would open, and those silent lips pronounce my name. So lovely she seemed, still wearing that angel smile which even Death could not destroy, that my sorrow was soothed. Involuntarily I ceased weeping.

It was my first sight of death; and even now I never watch the golden sunset, or see the bright silver stars, in the clear evening sky, without thinking of Alice's death—my first grief.

"A PATCH ON THE KNEE AND GLOVES ON."

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

PART II.

Boston, Dec. 27, 1856.

MY DEAR GOOD AUNT,—You don't happen to know, do you, whether or not my father was delirious when he desired that I should spend my eighteenth year with aunt Augusta? Because, if he was, I am coming home. You ask what aunt said about the ginger tea. Not a word to me, but poor Hannah's eyes were swollen with crying all the next day. I felt so sorry for her that I inwardly vowed that nothing short of absolute starvation should induce me to enter the kitchen again.

I have been obliged to make all my dresses smaller, and, as aunt Augusta encouragingly says, begin to look gracefully languid and delicate. Four weeks more of dieting—or, rather, *not dieting*—and there will be nothing of me left but my dresses.

It will be rather difficult, aunty, to gratify you with a correct picture of our daily life, because, with all your thrift, you do n't begin to know the value of a biscuit. Bread is our staple, and though the Bible expressly declares that man can not live by bread alone, my aunt persists in refusing to apply this principle to our sex, and insists that it shows a perverted taste to hanker, as I do, after the flesh-pots of Egypt. There is always cake stored in some unknown corner of the house in readiness for unexpected company, but our common fare, in spite of its garnishing of cut-glass and silver, is very much like Dennis M'Pherson's "shouldher o' nothin' without vegetables."

I get along better than the rest, for Hannah, in consideration of being allowed a share of the same, is always ready to smuggle a supply of contraband crackers and gingerbread into my chamber. These, of necessity, are rather dry, and I am obliged to eat them just before retiring to rest in order to be secure from interruption, and the unseasonable meal does not promote health or sleep.

You must know that I obtained permission to have a fire in my room, on condition that I paid for the coal. The fact of my paying an exorbitant price for board is wholly ignored. I am always spoken of as a visitor, it being ungenteel to take boarders.

I forgot to tell you that my aunt and cousins, with coarse check aprons to cover their elegant silk morning wrappers, and with half-gloves to protect their hands, have been in the habit of spending the forenoon in a little back sitting-room,

occupied in sewing for the slop-shops. Hannah takes the work in her own name, and is usually supposed to be a miracle of industry. A fire is always ready to be lighted in the parlor, and whenever any of their fashionable associates come in for a morning call, it is the work of a moment to throw off apron and gloves and to assume all the grace of elegant leisure. Hannah is instructed to light the parlor fire on her way to the door.

Well, aunt Mary, I had no sooner found myself comfortable in my own room, by my own fire, than the back sitting-room was abandoned, and my dear relatives came, slop-work and all, to help me enjoy myself.

"You see," said aunt Augusta, "there is plenty of room here, and it is so much better than littering the room below."

Even when they are engaged with company in the evening, Master Fred is sent here to get his lessons.

"Mother," said Harriet this morning, "have you seen Susy Brigham's new brocade? I am dying for one like it."

"Well, dear, do n't fret," replied my aunt, with a significant glance at my cozy fire, "perhaps we shall save enough this winter to get one."

I will not forget to tell you a little circumstance that happened yesterday morning, and which vexed me considerably. Harriet came into the room shivering with the cold and crouched down on the carpet before the grate while I dressed. Hannah makes my fire as soon as she gets up and the room was quite warm. Harriet sat still awhile watching me, and I had almost forgotten her presence when she suddenly exclaimed, "Goodness! cousin, do you wear flannels?"

"I hope so. Do n't you?"

"No. I have n't any thing of the sort. Are they comfortable?"

"Very. I thought that in this variable climate flannel was a necessity."

"If it was we could not afford it."

"The Italian corsets that you and Jane are daily squeezed into cost more."

"But those are necessary. Madame Dumont says we should have no form without them."

"Nonsense. I never wore a thing of the sort in my life, and my figure is better than yours."

"Better? You are much larger."

"Because I have had room to breathe."

"Well, I could n't live without them; they brace me, and I feel better snugly dressed."

"On the principle of the Esquimaux, who wear a light belt to relieve, in some degree, the agonies of starvation."

"Of whom are you speaking, cousin?"

"Of the Esquimaux."

"I do n't know them. Country people, are they not?"

"Yes. But speaking of flannel, Harriet, I will give you money enough to buy it, if you will make it up and wear it."

She took the bill that I offered her, and was thanking me in her languid way when my aunt came in.

"Not dressed, Margaret? Breakfast is nearly ready."

"I will be down directly."

"See, mother," said Harriet, "cousin Margaret has given me this to purchase flannel."

"Flannel! for what purpose, child?"

"To wear, mother. She wears it, and she does not suffer from the cold as I do."

"She is less fragile and delicate, my dear. But since she has generously given you the money it shall be expended for you. Let me see; it is five dollars. Hannah got twenty for those awkward-looking bracelets that your grandmother gave you, and when this week's work is carried home we can get a set of cameos like Emma Newell's. Your new dress of white satin only needs cameos to perfect it. I am sure we are greatly obliged to you, Margaret."

They went down stairs exulting, and left me mentally vowing that on no pretense should another penny of mine help to sustain such hollow and really shabby gentility. In my next I will explain to you why I see so little society, and why I suffer myself to pass for a country blunderhead. In the mean time, I am

Your affectionate

MAGGIE.

BOSTON, JAN. 1.

My Dear Aunt,—A happy New-Year to you! For once I have a morning to myself, for my cousins are going through the usual farce of receiving calls and compliments from any one who chooses to claim the privilege. My aunt graciously gave me permission to stay in my room instead of occupying my usual corner, where I generally pass unnoticed. It is my aunt's wish that I attract as little attention as possible till Harriet is settled in life. I do not approach the piano unless Harriet needs my assistance in practicing her lessons; and as to drawing, I have not yet unpacked my pencils and brushes. I have leisure, but no quiet. You will shake your head, I fear, and prophesy that Harry's instructions will be wholly lost, but I am sure I could not sketch a post and rail fence among all this slop-work.

Yesterday's mail brought a long letter from Harry, who has at last got his diploma and is a

veritable M. D. He complains, in his whimsical manner, of the general healthiness of the season which prevents an exhibition of his skill.

You ask if my aunt Augusta has not yet attempted to subdue the free speech and independent manner about which you have so often lectured. Harry mischievously inquires if she has tamed me. As if I were a wild beast. Well, to satisfy you both, I will confess that I attend morning lectures, afternoon lectures, and evening lectures all on the same theme—propriety. And I have not yet acquired the prescribed width of a fashionable yawn, or the true compass of a sneeze.

I was passing the front door this morning on my way to my room, when my attention was attracted by the screams of a little girl who was crossing the street from the opposite walk. She was bonnetless and shoeless, and her little pinched feet looked blue and cold through the holes of her stockings. Hannah, who was polishing the door-knob, stopped short in her work, and after gazing a moment at the child, exclaimed, "Why, it's Milly!"

"Who is Milly?" I asked.

"A little girl that Pete Shaw has taken from the alms-house. He uses her dreadfully."

Just then the said Pete came in sight armed with a huge whip, and striding wrathfully along with the whip half raised in anticipation of the torture it was ready to inflict. Whether the child saw sympathy in my looks I am unable to say; but she sprang up the steps and clung to my dress, begging me in the most imploring tones to protect her and send her to her mammy at the alms-house. Her childish cries only served to enrage the man still farther, but my presence operated as a transient restraint upon him, and he bowed surlily as he ordered the child to come down into the street. "Come down here, you young imp! I'll pay you for this. You won't kick up all this row for nothing, you'd better believe."

He saw that the passers by were pausing to observe him, and he was evidently in a hurry to retreat from his unenviable position.

"Do n't hinder her, Miss." I had stooped down and put my arms round the child. "You do it at your peril, I tell ye. I'll have the law on ye."

"The law!" I repeated contemptuously. "It is brutes like you who should fear the law."

"Margaret! Margaret!" called my aunt from the breakfast room, "you will please to close that door!"

I looked down upon the crowd below, and in many an eye I read sympathy for the poor unfor-

fortunate child, and an evident loathing of her persecutor.

"Margaret! Margaret!" still called my aunt.

"Hand over that brat or you'll rue it," fairly bellowed Pete Shaw.

"Is there no one here," I asked, "who will take this poor child back to the alms-house and give the overseers a true account of its barbarous treatment?"

My aunt was at the door now, pulling my dress with one hand and pushing the child back with the other. "For shame, Margaret!" she said angrily.

"I will give this bill—it is three dollars—to any two men who will carry back the child."

"What nonsense, Margaret!" said my aunt, still pulling and pushing.

Two noblemen, in mason's attire, sprang up the steps and took the child.

"No, no," said the foremost one; "keep your money. Come, little one, you're as safe as if ye were in the top of the old South Church."

I no longer resisted the efforts of my aunt, who drew a sigh of exceeding relief when the crowd was shut out. I only got a glimpse of Pete Shaw, as he shook his brawny fist at me and walked off. I resignedly obeyed my aunt's gesture and followed her back into the breakfast-room, as sure of a lecture as if I had taken it.

"Sit down, Margaret," she began. "Let me know what occasioned this disgraceful uproar at my door."

I told her the story in a few words. My cousins exchanged looks of astonishment, and Fred laughed as if it were a very comical affair indeed. I suppose I looked very indignant, for he began an apology. "I am sorry"—

"Be silent, Frederick," interrupted his mother. "Will you be so kind, Margaret, as to tell me if you have been educated without any regard to decorum?"

"If you mean to ask, aunt, whether I have been taught to be wholly unmindful of the sorrows of others, I must confess that that is a branch of study of which my aunt Mary is ignorant, and, as a matter of course, her niece is no wiser."

"Because," continued aunt Augusta, "it is a very unfortunate circumstance for a young lady to grow up without any sense of propriety—a young lady of fortune, too, and not deficient in natural talent."

"I thought, aunt," I answered demurely, "that my wealth was not to be mentioned here, lest it should mar the matrimonial prospects of my cousins."

If this little hit did not "bring down the

house," it produced a perceptible sensation, and had the immediate effect of softening my aunt's magisterial deportment.

"I suppose," I said, when I had sufficiently enjoyed the annoyance of my monitress, "that you have something more to say to me. You did not call me back merely to inquire about my education."

"No, Margaret. I wished to tell you that you are too impulsive, and that this morning's event must not occur again. You must curb that morbid sympathy that leads you beyond the bounds of decorum. Do you suppose that a truly-refined and delicate lady would have been caught in the awkward place that you occupied this morning, gazed at by the rabble and hugging a dirty pauper from the alms-house? Be candid, Margaret, and own that you would have been amazed if your cousins or myself had been found in such circumstances."

"That is true."

"You see, Margaret, that you are apt to overstep the limits prescribed by genteel society. It is in part owing to your early training, but it is also constitutional. Your mother had the same trait. I have seen her leave a refined circle of friends to rescue a kitten that some boys were amusing themselves with. Fie, Margaret! In tears!"

"I can't help it. My darling mother!"

"Well, well, I'm sorry I mentioned her. But while we are on this subject I want to tell you that your behavior last night tried me exceedingly."

"How, aunt?" I dried my tears and summoned my recreant wits to defend myself.

"You were expressly told that a select company would be here, and that, to avoid remarks upon our treatment of so near a relative, I wished you to dress suitably and come into the parlor. Instead of this you staid in your room till a late hour, and then burst in upon us in a plain morning wrapper, and after a very slight recognition of the company excused yourself from joining us, because you wished to heel and toe Fred's stockings."

"Well, aunt, I thought you would expect some apology, and so I came to bring it."

"But did you not think of the strange impression that you would make on the minds of the gentlemen present?"

"No. What does it matter? I did nothing criminal."

"Then your employment, Margaret. Why, Harriet here would be ashamed if any one suspected her of knowing how to knit stockings.

But there you stood with your hand on the door-knob saying, 'Please excuse me, aunt, I must toe off Fred's stocking.' O Margaret!"

I laughed, for it *was* rather droll, now I came to recall it.

"What else, aunt Augusta?"

"Why, you are out walking on the common two hours before fashionable people get up."

"They do not see me if they are in bed, so I disgrace no one. I can't live without pure air. I was brought up to breathe it. I should look as puny and sallow as Harriet and Jane if I did not walk."

"Sallow! puny!" repeated both the young ladies angrily, and I saw that in self-defense I had blundered again.

"It is useless to talk," said my aunt resignedly.

"I should think, Margaret," she added presently, "that mere selfishness would make you more particular. How, with your hoydenish manners, will you ever get a husband?"

"Ah! you do not know. Why, I am already engaged to be married, aunt."

I do not know who expressed the most astonishment at this open avowal, but my aunt was manifestly relieved, and declared that had she been aware of it, she would not have introduced me to her set under false colors, but it was too late now to amend. They urged me in vain to tell them the name of my future spouse—an oyster could not have been more reticent. It was not because there is a prospect of Harry's commencing his practice here, under the patronage of Dr. B——; but I felt, aunt, that far down beneath all these impulsive exhibitions of feeling that they so quarrel with, there was a fountain of joy that a stranger must not intermeddle with. I have written to Harry that for some reasons satisfactory to myself I occupy a humble position in my aunt's circle, and begging him, if he comes here, to conceal our previous acquaintance for a time. Do you think he will? He is so straightforward and truthful that I fear he will not consent to the appearance of deceit, and I often feel that I am acting an unworthy part. What do you think?

Your own

* MAGGIE.

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lips, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can efface.

"GOOD COMETH."

JEREMIAH XVII, 6.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS.

"GOOD cometh!" And what a thought is here! and how full of intense interest and sublimity!

When is it coming? Is it at morning, noon, or evening? Or will it be in the midst of the night? Will it be to-day or to-morrow? What of the times or the seasons of this most desirable advent?

How, or *by what means*, is the good coming? Will it be by the agency of some friend? Will some book be its harbinger, and shall it flash forth from some page thereof, or, perchance, some single line or expression? Or will it come associated with some one of the elements? Will it ride to us on the wings of the storm? or will it come whispering amid the calm and genial sunshine? Will it float through some delicious voice, or glide amid the strains of some blissful music? or will it come through some dire and dismal tribulations, wherein the heart was crushed and broken—yet revived and rejoiced again amid the glad influences of Eternal healing? *How* is this good coming?

What is the good? Is it *health*—associated with all its countless smiles and gratifications? Is it *wealth*, in the midst of which we shall hunger and want no more? Is it some new friend—whose countenance will be to us as though it were the face of an angel—whose voice will be more enchanting than strains of glorious music—and whose smile will be the sunshine of life—whose companionship one of the lights of eternity? Or will this good that cometh be some new privilege—some bright accession to former pleasant advantages—an accession that shall open up before us a new and living world of delights, before untasted and unimagined? Or is this good in the shape of some new and glorious thought—some sudden flashing forth from the grand central orb of truth—a radiance darting down from heaven itself, and tinging the wide-spread world with hues of glory? Is it some spiritual blessing, emanating from the infinite fountain of grace divine—a blessing which, as it touches and baptizes the man, elevates him to a loftier sphere than he ever knew or thought of, amid the beatitudes of Christ and his kingdom? *What* is this good?

The doctrine is plainly intimated, that *there are points or periods of human life where special good comes*. In other words, there are eras—golden moments—along the solemn paths of existence.

It is a task as facile as it is interesting to trace this phenomenon in the history of the more prominent characters of the holy Scriptures.

Moses, for example, at eighty years of age, a pious shepherd, pasturing the flocks of his father-in-law amid the deserts of Midian, had his attention suddenly arrested one day by a bush burning with fire, yet unconsumed. It is altogether probable that the morning of that day was to this man as other mornings. He was already an old man; and though possessed of great privileges in his youth, and educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in word and deed; and though prospects the most enticing were once held out before him, so that even the throne of the Pharaohs was hardly too much for his hopes and expectations, yet all such enchanting dreams, we may suppose, had been long since forgotten, and in the land of his exile, and in the society of the wife and sons whom the God of providence had given him there, and amid the "rush of numerous years" that mighty heart had probably died to all ambitious hopes or desires. The idea of being "called the son of Pharaoh's daughter" had lost all its charms for him, and he was looking only to the idea of finishing his earthly pilgrimage as a humble shepherd of Midian; and when death should supervene, he should pass away, as he trusted, to inherit those riches which are infinitely better than the "treasures in Egypt," and mingle in those eternal joys which he had long ago preferred to "the pleasures of sin for a season."

But the burning bush suddenly arrested his attention, and his eyes looked upon Jehovah, and he heard his voice and conversed with the Most High, and received the great commission as leader, under God, of the hosts of all Israel—the mediator of the most astonishing judgments upon their enemies—as a captain wielding powers next to those of Omnipotence—as the sublime lawgiver of God's Church upon earth—a prophet such as there should be no other afterward, knowing the Lord face to face—who would still be living long after a hundred years had gone over him, while yet his eye should not be dim withal, nor his natural force abated—who should die at last *perhaps*, though no one of mortals would witness that death, and no one would be present at his funeral but God—who would pass into the heavens, and his name be wedded with the sublimest associations, breathed amid the music, and the converse, and the worship that shall gladden immortality. And when life's great battle shall have been fought by the saints of the Most High, and they shall stand together upon the sea of glass,

having the harps of God, the song of that amazing retinue will be the "song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

"Go, I pray thee," said Jacob to Joseph, "see whether it be well with thy brethren and well with the flocks, and bring me word again. So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem."

Ah! what a day was that to the useful Joseph! Away he went to Shechem and Dothan, to receive, at the hands of his elder brethren, the bitter curse of slavery. Joseph, as he felt the captive's chain that day, and as he was borne afterward, from day to day, further and still further from the father that loved him, must be pardoned for supposing that *evil*, rather than *good*, had come to him. His vision was too young and unskillful, as yet, to discern the clear sky and glorious sunshine that lay beyond that awful storm. And yet what had Joseph's brethren done, save to have launched off unwittingly their despised brother upon a sea that was destined to waft him into the largest, loftiest prosperity? They did it for evil, but God meant it for good, and the intended evil which they hurled at the defenseless youth became transmuted, ere it touched him, into a blessing and a good—the greatest of his life. And wherever Joseph came, the good accompanied him. The sun of prosperity shone upon the house of Potiphar, for Joseph was there. But a higher summit was awaiting the youth, and his path was direct as he traveled from freedom to slavery, and from slavery to imprisonment, and from imprisonment to the loftiest dignity, save one, in the realm of Egypt. Little do they know what they are doing who undertake to injure one of God's chosen ones.

And we read of another youth, David by name, to whom his father, one day, committed an errand similar to that which Jacob gave to Joseph. "Take now this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to thy brothers to the camp, and see how they fare, and take their pledge." And David left the sheep with a keeper, and went to fulfill the direction of his father. Did it not seem a common errand? What would come of such a little excursion beyond what is usual? He would pass to the camp—would he not?—salute his brothers, leave the little articles of comfort, receive the pledge, and return to resume his pleasant pastoral life? But the youth has arrived at the camp, while hardly are his salutations presented to his brothers before there is a sudden tumult amid the multitude, for the Philistine giant is approaching, and his hoarse challenge is again proclaimed, and dismay and trembling per-

vade all the camp of Israel; and David listens to the challenge, and his youthful eye is upon the scene of confusion, while that eye flashes with unearthly fire. A mighty spirit is upon the boy, for he was already the Lord's anointed, and turning to the bystanders he coolly asks, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine—for who is he that he should defy the armies of the living God?" He parleyed but little—was anon put in commission to meet the foe—sallies forth simply a beautiful youth, and in the astonished sight of those two great armies he grapples with the giant, vanquishes and beheads him in the name of the God of Israel, and passes thence and in a moment to the pinnacle of triumph and renown, enters the lists of royalty, and ascends the throne, and writes his name high upon the registry of eternal fame.

The boy in his simplicity went out upon an errand, and knew not that the path he tread, that morning, was leading him straight upward to the very loftiest of earthly positions.

The young King Solomon rode out on a certain day from Jerusalem to Gibeon. There he worshiped, and it being late he tarried till the following day. As he slept at night he dreamed, and his visions were of God, who, in some form, appeared to the youth and whispered, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee!" If Solomon paused to reason just then he must have said, "Surely immense good has come to me, for I may ask what I choose of the infinite Giver." Is it true, or are we but a company of fanatical and deluded ones—is it true that as great and sublime a prerogative is placed in our own possession? But Solomon saw that his time was come—that a world of good had all suddenly moved toward him, and he was divinely invited to take immediate possession of the prodigious prize. He reached forth his hand and accepted the magnificent boon. He chose the grand central thing, and all other good followed in its train. He emerged all suddenly into a luminous and beautiful world, amid whose atmosphere he saw all things clearly—more clearly than the wisest and most skillful of any generation, and riches and honor, and the favor and loving-kindness of the Lord, and his exceeding great and precious promises, all flocked, like blissful angels, to salute this happy man amid the visions of that eventful night.

Solomon passed out to Gibeon some day, and returned to Jerusalem the day following. But who might measure the good that came in the brief interim!

A certain substantial farmer, whom the ancients called *Elisha*, was plowing once with twelve

yoke of oxen. We have witnessed a similar scene, where the mammoth plow turned over its black furrow of a yard in width, on the far-sweeping prairies of Iowa. But will any remarkable good come to a man amid the simple process of plowing? Another man is entering the field yonder, and he approaches *Elisha*—he reaches him and throws upon him his mantle.

And what good was there? Simply that the plowman was thus commissioned to stand in the place of one of the greatest, mightiest prophets of the Most High, who would soon be borne off to heaven in one of God's triumphal chariots, and who, as he should depart, would let fall that mystic mantle a second time upon the favored *Elisha*, the touch whereof would communicate twofold the amazing power that had pervaded and endowed its former wearer. After that day we hear no more of *Elisha's* plowing; but we hear of the parting of floods at his approach, so that he might walk on dry-shod—of incurable diseases healed by a word of his lips—of bread springing forth from the bosom of famine where he came, and of death rising again to life, as his breath touched its pale and ghastly visage.

In after time there lived another man—a man of prayer—and who, on one occasion, set his face to the Lord his God, actually to seek some great and special good. It was in some afternoon, and perchance it occurred after the usual labors of the day were finished. But he prayed during a few minutes, and what transpired? Simply this: While *Daniel* was speaking *Gabriel* touched him. And how was it that "the man *Gabriel*" arrived and touched him so promptly? "Being caused to fly swiftly," is the recorded reply. What time did this *Gabriel* take wing for the wondrous flight? "At the beginning of thy supplication the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee; for thou art greatly beloved." In other words this man prayed. When the prayer began at *Babylon* the mighty angel was put in commission from near the throne of God in heaven. When the prayer was about closing—while the man was yet speaking—the angel, being caused to fly swiftly, was at *Daniel's* side and touched him; and folding his wings of celestial radiance, and wearing a smile, such as they wear amid the heavenly circles, and with a voice more beautiful than is ever heard with mortals, he gives utterance to words—delicious words—such as, "O, *Daniel*, thou art greatly beloved in heaven, and, in accordance with thy prayer, I am come to teach thee, and give thee wisdom and understanding."

There was great wickedness in *Babylon* on that

evening, but not wickedness alone. Some unutterable good was there also; for one of God's mighty angels had just reached the city, and was somewhere within its walls. Blessed was the house where he was entertained! and blessed is the man to whom good cometh!

But time would fail us to tell of Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew—called all suddenly to the apostleship, while engaged in their usual business of fishing—of Matthew, summoned to the same high calling and dignity, while attending to his duties as collector of customs—of Rebecca and Rachel, the beautiful shepherdess, who, while tending their flocks, were called to be wives and companions respectively of Isaac and Jacob, whose names, associated with that of Abraham, are fragrant in earth and in heaven—or of Ruth, who, as she gleaned after the reapers, all suddenly gained possession of the bright harvests themselves and the owner thereof, and who, had a prophet's vision been hers, might have sung, "Arise, my son, and bless thy son, for thy son's son shall be David, the anointed of God, and king of all Israel!"—or of the Virgin of Nazareth, to whom an angel came and told, to her astonishment, that the great and long-expected Messiah, the desire of all nations, would be born of her, and that thus she was blessed above all women.

The practical analogies of the above will occupy another paper.

BLUE EYED AND BEAUTIFUL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

BLUE eyed and beautiful he came to me,
And smiled a smile so heavenly sweet and dear,
Saying, "Fear not the future; trust in me;"
And thus he won me from my anxious fear.

A little way he led me cheerily on,
While his clear eyes, so soft and tender, shone,
To light my path; but now my guide has gone,
And I again must struggle on alone.

Could he have tarried longer at my side—
Could he have led me farther on my way,
The weariness of life I had defied;
Had smiled to see young fancy's dreams decay.

But he went from me, and I trembling stand
On untried ground beneath a darkened sky.
In vain I grope for his warm, clasping hand—
In vain to his name with tears I cry.

His Master called him up to grace a crown;
Heavenward exultant his pure spirit rose;
I saw his brown hair in the dust laid down,
And I—O! whither shall I bear my woes?

THE MOTHERLESS.

BY LILY LICHEN.

SOFTLY and sadly the "feet of the twilight"
Pause as they enter my half-open door,
Pitying star-eyes look down from the azure,
Beaming like those that look on me no more.

Over beyond the thick green of the branches,
Ever the river flows on to the sea,
Softly this even it hushes its chiming,
Listening to angels that whisper to me.

Though I have heard not the rush of thy pinions,
Seen not the gleam of thy garments of snow;
Yet can I feel thy sweet presence, my mother,
Calming the heart that hath grieved for thee so.

Even as over the spires of the forest
Foldeth the silvery fleece of the sky;
So o'er my spirit the white dove of promise
Broods while the sainted looks down from on high.

Though in life's pathway my footsteps may falter,
Wearily seeking that far-away shore,
Where, O! my mother, the hand of the Savior
Led thee so gently and kindly before,

Ne'er shall I sink in earth's tempests of sorrow;
Hushed is the cry of my heart's wild despair;
Glory has streamed from the portals of heaven,
Patient thou waitest to welcome me there.

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVES.

BY HUGH ROSSITER.

GENTLY the rain falls
Down on the graves,
Sadly the long grass
Over them waves.

Who were these sleepers,
Laid side by side;
Were they lone wanderers
Through this world wide?

Were they earth's gifted—
Cared they for fame,
Soothing their souls with
A perishing name?

Had they oft mingled
In pleasure's gay throng—
Its mirth, and its gladness,
And rapturous song?

Had they grown weary
With life's many cares,
And longed for the stillness
The grave always wears?

Or did they bow meekly
Their Savior to greet,
Then blended their voices
In melody sweet?

No voice gives us answer,
Nor echo is heard;
The pine sighs above them,
But no whispered word.

Slowly the mist wreathes
Round the lone tomb,
Sadly the night falls
Mid silence and gloom.

THE HONORED GUEST.

A BRIEF CHAPTER FOR WIVES.

"WELL," said I, one fine morning last week, "I have the prospect of a leisure afternoon—a somewhat unusual thing with me—and, all being well, I will do a little needful shopping; call and pass an hour with my old friend Mrs. Ashburton, whom, on account of the distance, I have neglected of late; and then drop in to take a friendly cup of tea with my niece, Clara Whitford."

Having completed my household arrangements, I accordingly set out, after an early dinner, and, the shopping done, made my first call. Mrs. Ashburton's warm welcome, pleasant talk, and cheerful fireside, would have proved strong temptations to induce me to accept her invitation to remain for the evening, had I not felt anxious to see my niece, whose residence was much nearer my own.

On arriving at Clara's door, I was a little surprised to see no light in the front part of the house. "I am afraid they are from home," thought I, with a regretful mental glance backward at the pretty home picture I had just left. But I was mistaken. A servant came, in answer to my ring at the door-bell, and, ushering me into the dining-room, lighted the gas, and went to summon her mistress. I had ample time to look about me before Clara made her appearance, and could not help admiring the perfect order and good taste which prevailed in both the apartment and its furniture. I was the more pleased to note this, as my niece, when unmarried, did not promise to become very notable as a housewife.

I was beginning to tire of waiting—as, my brisk walk over, I felt chilly in the fireless room—when Clara entered, fastening a little article of dress, evidently just assumed. Her greeting was most cordial; and yet there was a shade of regret in her tone when, our first salutations over, she said, "Why, my dear aunt, did you not let me know you were coming, and I should have been better prepared to receive you?"

"Surely, Clara," I replied, "no preparation is needed before you can bestow a cup of tea on so near a relative as I am. Pray do not make my friendly call into a ceremonious visit, or I shall be tempted to run away again, in place of waiting till after tea, and begging Mr. Whitford's escort home."

"Pray, dear aunt, do not think of such a thing. I will light this fire in a moment, and the room will soon be warm and comfortable."

So saying, Clara was about to apply a light

between the bars of the grate, when I stopped her.

"You must have a fire somewhere, my dear," I said; "and where you were sitting when I arrived will, I am sure, suit me the best. If I am to disturb any of your arrangements, I will leave you forthwith."

"Then, if so, aunt, you will have to excuse my taking you into the nursery."

"Any where to a warm fireside, Clara; but is Mr. Whitford from home?"

"No, aunt, he is here," replied my niece, her color rising as she spoke.

I laughingly congratulated her on her husband's liking for the company of his first-born; but, perceiving no evidence of pleasure on her countenance, I asked if the baby were well.

"O yes, quite so, thank you, aunt. To say the truth, it is my doing that we are in the nursery to-night, and Frederick is not too well pleased about it; but it saves so much trouble, and the other rooms have just been cleaned and put in order. But do not say a word," she added, as she opened the nursery door.

My nephew advanced, shook me warmly by the hand, and then, turning to Clara, said: "I hope, my dear, you do not intend to make your aunt a nursery guest. If you do, I shall not wonder if her visits become still more rare."

I hastened to assure him that I had been brought there at my own request, and begged no difference might be made; but, quietly ringing the bell, he desired a servant to light the dining-room fire, and bring word when it was well burnt. Clara bit her lip, and looked red and uncomfortable, while I, feeling still more so, occupied myself in admiring the baby. I could, however, distinguish easily enough two or three little articles which convinced me that a tea equipage had just been removed; and certainly this was not what I should have expected to see in Clara's home, knowing the comfortable and even affluent income of her husband. I felt sorry my unceremonious visit should have produced such an alteration in the arrangements; for I could tell, from the production of sundry keys, etc., that many articles not in common use were to be brought out, and the evening meal deferred on my account. Besides this, I felt grieved at Mr. Whitford's ill-concealed vexation, not displayed toward me, but his wife.

At length we were summoned to the dining-room; and truly a wonderful change had been effected there. A bright fire illuminated every corner; an elegant tea-equipage was on the table; in short, every thing looked—as I had hoped at

first to find it—in accordance with the position of the owners. Moreover, the pleasant aspect of affairs banished the cloud from Mr. Whitford's face, and so agreeably did the time pass, that I quite regretted when obliged to bid my niece "good-night."

"Good-night, dear aunt," said Clara, affectionately kissing me; "do come again very soon, but let me know when to expect you."

"And then," added Mr. Whitford, after the door was closed, "the dining-room fire will be lighted before your arrival. Dear aunt, what do you think of Clara's new notions respecting domestic economy? When we were first married, she was rather ignorant of household matters; now we are so exceedingly orderly and careful, that every thing is too good to use. The drawing-room first became so; then the dining-room underwent a thorough renovation; and the nursery, resorted to for temporary convenience during the repairs, has become our regular abode, the others being only used on state occasions. Probably our next remove will be into the kitchen. I go into other houses, and find that their masters can introduce a friend at any time, with the certainty of causing no embarrassment. In my home, on the contrary, the call of a relative even produces quite a domestic revolution; for plate, china, in fact every thing presentable, is laid up in lavender, like the rooms. I wish you would say something to Clara on the subject, as I know you possess great influence in that quarter."

"Have you named the matter, Frederick?" I asked.

"O yes, a thousand times, I think; but I can not effect any change. I trust you will be more successful."

"I will try, at any rate," said I, as I took leave of my nephew-in-law.

Having thought over the matter, I arranged my plan of operation. I decided that it would be better to try the effect of an opposite picture on Clara's mind, before giving utterance to any remonstrance; for I well knew that young housewives do not generally relish the pointed interference of their elders. I therefore called for Clara—having previously given her due notice of my intention—to accompany me in a long ramble; and I contrived to be near Mrs. Ashburton's just as tea-time was approaching, and we were thoroughly tired.

"Clara," said I, "what is to prevent our obtaining rest and refreshment? I can insure you a welcome to both, and, besides, you are not quite a stranger to Mrs. Ashburton."

"O, dear aunt, I could not think of such a

thing; we should be sure to cause inconvenience."

"You shall judge for yourself, Clara," I answered; "and if you think so half an hour hence, we will journey homeward."

The moment we were admitted, I frankly told my friend that I had come expressly to claim her oft-tendered hospitality for my niece and self, as we were tired, but still had a long walk before us.

"How glad I am that my house lay in your route!" replied she. "Tea is just coming in, and my husband will be here directly."

In a few moments he arrived, and we were all seated, prepared to join in the social meal. I noticed Clara's glances at the perfect order which surrounded us, and the elegant but simple preparations for the repast. Besides these, it was impossible not to feel the thorough comfort diffused around us.

"My niece," said I to Mrs. Ashburton, "was afraid of causing you inconvenience by coming unawares, and taking two places at your tea-table by storm."

A cheery laugh from Mr. Ashburton, and a bright smile from his wife, followed my words. "Mrs. Whitford," said the gentleman, "I am the most fortunate fellow in the world, for nothing ever causes my wife inconvenience. You understand me, I dare say—I mean, none of those domestic invasions which are usually expected to cause a bustle. She has a peculiar theory of her own, which she most thoroughly reduces to practice, consequently we are always able to welcome a friend, however unexpected the guest may be."

Clara blushed, and stammered a few words in reply; and, perceiving her confusion, I changed the conversation.

On our way home, after spending a delightful evening, my niece was unusually silent; but at length she asked if I could tell her to what theory Mr. Ashburton alluded when he said—here she hesitated.

"I understand you, Clara," I answered, "and I can explain it in very few words. Mrs. Ashburton says, that, being sure of the daily presence of one guest at her table, whom she wishes to honor above all others, she always prepares for that one, and is of course ready for any visitor, and at any time."

"But I saw no guest besides ourselves, aunt."

"Did you not? and yet the person I allude to was there."

"Where? whom do you mean? You are jesting."

"Indeed, my dear Clara, I am not. The one whom Mrs. Ashburton considers worthy of all

honor is her husband. She says, and I think justly, that she should deem her marriage vow but ill performed, did she bestow pains to make her home attractive in the eyes of a stranger, and grudge doing so for him whom she has promised to love, honor, and obey—her husband, and the father of her children."

Clara did not speak in reply; but when we parted, the moistened cheek that touched mine convinced me the lesson was taken home; and I have little doubt that when I next visit my niece, I shall find her opinion is changed as regards the guest most deserving of honor.—*London Leisure Hour.*

THREE MEN HAPPY ENOUGH.

BY J. D. BELL.

I TALKED with you, recently, about the inventor. I spoke of this man's hard days and of his holidays. Philosophy, I said, teaches us that rare fountains of joy must lie along the course of this man's experience. But there is often a better route to a great truth than that which passes from cause to effect, or from natural law to necessary sequence. Let us hold a short talk, now, with history. Let us go a little way among its pages, and gather a few instances from the many attractive ones which are to be found recorded there—instances of great inventors, thrilled from the center of their brains to the tips of their fingers, in the first moment of a brilliant and costly triumph.

THOMAS BLANCHARD.

One such instance comes readily to my pen, under the name of Thomas Blanchard, the inventor of the lathe for turning irregular forms. It is said that the idea of his lathe first occurred to him, while driving through a country town, in New England. It may be that some small and apparently good-for-nothing circumstance suggested it, as it just then struck him. Let it be thought so. But you will not tell me that he had not, by long-continued and toilsome processes of thought, and, perhaps, by repeated failures, resulting from mal-attempts to produce some machine for doing the work of his final successful machine—you will not tell me, I say, that he had not thus prepared himself, for making even some simple accident worth two fortunes to him—one of joy and another of money.

Blanchard was born and bred under the stout and homely circumstances of a farm; and I have not read how, or at what age, he first came to

take a liking to mechanical matters—how, or at what age, the chambers of his brain first came to be haunted with thoughts of humming wheels. I have not cared to read how early he used to shake sleep from his eyelids in the morning, or at what hour of the night it was his wont to lean his head against a bag of feathers. I have not read how long the seed of his fine invention had lain in his brain, ere there at last shone upon it the magical sunbeam, by which it was made to spring out into its beautiful moving life. It is enough that I have read of his high rapture, in the moment when he first saw, and first felt, that success was no longer a mere hope, but a golden certainty with him—that he, Thomas Blanchard, was at last, most surely, most triumphantly, an inventor. When my mind runs over the simple fact, given in his recorded life, that, in the midst of the excitement produced within him, by the consciousness of having perfectly matured his ideal, he shouted aloud—"I have got it!" and, springing wildly from the seat of the vehicle in which he was riding, even surprised certain ones who happened to be passing by, into the belief that he was a lunatic and ought to have his person immediately secured. I am, then, fully convinced, that he who invented the first machine for turning gun-stocks, and boot-lasts, and ax-helves, and busts, and images, was not a man who had grown to his intellectual grasp in a single day. An exultation, such as was his, could not have gathered its flush of rapturous fervor in consequence of a triumph which had been gained in any short space of time. The felicity of success is always most transporting when it has been preceded by the most intense trials of the brain. In a spontaneous shout through his lips, and a few unconsciously made movements of his hands and body, that man Blanchard left to the world a truer title to be accounted great, in the power of persevering genius, than any king or emperor has ever left in all his sayings and all his deeds, throughout a long lifetime, spent amid the fashions and the luxuries of royalty. How enchanting must the roughest and gloomiest aspects of earth have seemed to him amid the splendors of his noble rapture! I can not conceive of any thing more beautiful, in all the possible experience of the human soul, than the brimming over of that ecstatic intoxication. There had, all at once, sprung up, away back in his brain, something which had the power over him of an irresistible spell. Upon that one charming thing every faculty of his mind was strained, was fastened. His thoughts were all turned inward. His eyes were inverted. They could see nothing but a turn-

ing-lathe. A turning-lathe had filled him full. A turning-lathe had turned him crazy. The outward world, as in a dream, rolled mistily before him. He forgot that he was driving in a road beaten by wagon-wheels and the hoofs of horses. He forgot that there were men at the right and at the left of him, walking, thinking, looking. All things external had lost their power to restrain him. And, in the bewilderment of his fine madness, he shouted out wildly, he sprang wildly from his seat! What wonder that he was stared at by more than one pair of astonished eyes! If Cotton Mather had been living then, and had beheld him, what wonder if that cruel old believer in witchcraft had advised to have the strange man hanged immediately!

Such, in brief, is the history of Thomas Blanchard, the inventor of the lathe for turning irregular forms.

JAMES HARGREAVES.

But not less interesting than the account I have just concluded, is that of James Hargreaves, the inventor of an ingenious spinning-machine. This man, likewise, you shall follow through an absorbing struggle to an exhilarating and glorious success.

There is an enticing vein of domestic simplicity and humor running along the pages of Hargreaves's history as an inventor. One who has been reading it over finds himself in a happy mood of reverie about a hearty husband and a hearty wife.

Hargreaves was, by trade, a weaver. But he took the conception of his machine, one evening, while away from home among some rollicking companions, trying his luck at kissing a certain high-spirited kitchen-maid for a wager. In the quiet unromantic confusion of that romantic attempt the girl's spinning-wheel happened to be tumbled over, so as to lie upon the floor, with its spindle in an upright and its wheel in a horizontal position. The quick eye of the weaver glanced at the simple contrivance, as it was lying thus overturned, and, in less than a moment, he who had been romping for a kiss was studying hard how to invent a labor-saving machine. "Why," said he to himself, in that brief but eventful pause—"why should not many spindles, all standing upright, all moved by a band crossing them from the wheel, like this single spindle, each with a bobbin on it, and a riving of cotton attached, and something like the finger and thumb which now take hold of the one roving, to lay hold of them all, draw them backward from the spindles into attenuated threads—why should not many spindles be moved and threads be spun by

the same wheel and band, which now spin only one?"

Such was the fine conception which took possession of the mind of Hargreaves, in the maid's part of a cottage kitchen. You will not be surprised, now, if I tell you that he did not want to play, like a great jolly boy, any more that night. He had begun to dream of a grander exultation than would attend the winning of a wager laid upon a kiss. In trying to catch a girl he had caught an idea, which was destined to make a change in the world. And so he thought it was time for him to be going home. The gay group earnestly interposed against so premature a determination on the part of their jolly companion. But their interposition proves unavailing. He has lost the heat of his hilarious glee. The faculties of his mind are toiling after a spinning-machine. What folly to tease James Hargreaves, under such circumstances, to help make the wit and laughter of another hour or more of wild sport! He had enough of sagacity to see that it would be better for him to be alone, in some silent place, than to be surrounded by a merry throng, in the midst of which he must sit "sucking his thumb." And so he hurries back to his own humble home. Perhaps he stumbled and fell upon his hands many times on the way. There is little doubt of it; for he could see nothing but a spinning-machine. A spinning-machine was incessantly spinning, spinning, spinning, in his brain. If he looked skyward, there was a spinning-machine, in his eyes, binding all the stars. Every thing was dim without him; every thing insignificant within him, excepting that one absorbing thing—a spinning-machine. Reaching his cottage he gets down upon the floor, and, with a stick burnt at one end to a coal, he commences making lines there—lines representing parts of a spinning-machine. By and by he rises, excitedly and eccentrically, to his feet. He makes a few nervous and awkward movements about the room, and then seating himself on a chair, he places his elbows on his knees, holds his head between his hands, and, for a short while, fixes his eyes, in one intense gaze, upon the floor. Soon he springs to his feet again, and shouting out, in answer to some little word from his wife, who was lying with a recently-born child at her bosom, he assures her, in words, every one of which is instinct with the joy that is shaking his very soul, that *he has it at last!* Then he lifts her up with the babe, and holding her over the drawings he has made upon the floor with his coarse pencil, explains their meaning, and, while she laughs, tells her that she will no longer have to toil at the spinning-wheel.

He places her in an arm-chair, and more fully illustrates his conception by turning her own wheel over and making it revolve horizontally. Taking her, then, in his strong arms, with the little child, he returns her to the low bed, and leaves her with the print of a fond kiss lingering upon her lips. "What will you call it?" she asked. And the generous, and good-humored, and happy Lancashire weaver, in the unadorned dialect which he inherited from his mother, answers her with a rapture, "Call it? What an we call it after thysen, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny'?"

And so it was called Spinning Jenny. And that clever man and his clever wife lived to hear its multitudinous tones—to them the sweetest tones in all the world—making cheerful music in English factories.

BERNARD PALISSY.

I will present one more instance of an inventor rejoicing actually and outright in obedience to an uncontrollable transport of joy, having its rise in the moment of a great and costly success. It is the instance of Bernard Palissy, who was a French potter of the first half of the sixteenth century.

His principal business had been that of a painter upon glass; and he might never have given his hands to the occupation of an "artist in earth," had it not been for a certain fine and striking vase which was one day shown to him, as a specimen of the workmanship of a Florentine potter, who had died, carrying the great secret of his success with him. Palissy thought that he would like to be master of the lost art of enameling, by which that earthen cup had been made so beautiful. He forecast in his mind the wealth that would be his if he should succeed in the attempt to recover it. "Somebody," said he to himself, "must have found it out, and why should not I repeat the discovery?" So the great attempt was soon commenced, and, as he himself said, he began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark. That attempt proved a very dear one; for it cost him sixteen years of mixing, and kneading, and baking in a potter's shop—sixteen years of hard poverty in his family; years in which his hair turned gray and his form became bent; years in which he not only had to hear his neighbors call him a madman, a fool, and a villain, but also his wife and children mingle together their thin and feeble cries that he would return to his old trade. I confess that I am, for more than a moment, astonished when I think of a man steadily strug-

gling, for so long a time, in the midst of such vexatious circumstances and in spite of such heart-maddening failures, to achieve a simple triumph, on which was staked the strength of his will and the power of his genius. See him, toiling by day and toiling by night, throughout those painful lustrums of domestic decline! Would you not say that the thought of his little ones, driven at last to the necessity of earning among strangers the bread which was to keep them and their parents from starving—would you not say that the weariness so often experienced in his body and brain, and the reflection that the influence of his unrewarded labors was already showing itself in his prematurely-frosted head—would you not say that these considerations, even if there had been no others, should have been quite enough to make him grow sick of his apparently-hopeless task? But the thought of the impoverishment of his family, and the thought of hoary hairs coming out too early over his head, were not the worst of Palissy's troubles. Think what it must be to be taunted with the undeserved charge of insanity! Think what it must be to have to add the painful consciousness of a fresh disappointment to more than a thousand remembered pangs suffered at the closing up of successive periods of unavailing labor! And yet you shall not judge that man to be of a strange heart or of an inhuman stubbornness, who, for a term of sixteen years, could hold nothing half so dear to him as the accidentally-conceived purpose of an ingenious invention, and who, rather than give up the attempt to accomplish that purpose, could be willing to persevere to the end in spite of the derisive laughter which is due to fools and to madmen. I will not let you miss the grand lesson inculcated in every such instance of an individual becoming, for a time, almost dead to every thing excepting a single darling object of pursuit—an individual suffering—one chosen purpose to seize hold of his brain, and cling to it as with the very grip of doom! Must I tell you that the power to achieve great things, in this world, lies ever right here—right in this intense resoluteness, which makes a man proof against all confusing and diverting influences?

That activity which results from the possession of genius, insures vigor and health to the soul, even under the gloomiest outward circumstances. You have seen how palm-trees grow—that is, by continually joining inward to outward layers of woody flesh. And, if you do but know it, there are human similitudes of palm-trees in this our world; for men of sterling genius are always younger on the inside than on the outside.

Though rough and grizzled at the surface, you will ever find them full of moisture, and vigor, and health at the core.

Bernard Palissy and a hundred men go together in history, and they were all decried as madmen once. Who has ever come out of a long and lonely labor, with a great triumph in his hands, that did not, at the same time, bring in his memory the lingering echoes of some such count as this: "Alas! that you should so laboriously pursue a phantom!" or as this: "Foolish man! why do you persist in this insanity?" The believer of history must own that the world is indebted for the best things which have ever been achieved in it, to men who were once reputed to have lost their wits, or to have been born without any wits. Columbus! was not he pronounced crazy? When James Otis stood against the stamp-tax and pleaded the rights of the young American colonies, as he himself said, "in the agony of his heart," he also was jeered at as a madman. And said Lord Mansfield, when he heard the heroic orator thus insulted, "What then? One madman often makes many. Massaneillo was mad—nobody doubted it; yet, for all that, he overturned the government of Naples." And just so, up through all the ages of civilization, those who have projected and achieved the most admirable things have had to toil and perform, in hearing of the words—enthusiast—fool—madman. I read of poor John Fitch trying to enlist patronage to help him build a steamboat; I read of him meeting here with commiseration and there with contempt; and when my eye peruses those words of hope-withering skepticism—"What a pity he is crazy!"—said of him, as with a heart just ready to break, if not already broken, he declared that men living in his generation would see the time when steamboats would be preferred to all other modes of traveling, I am then made to fancy that every great invention in the world has had its madman, just as John Fitch was the madman of the steamboat.

There was Erastus Bigelow, of whom you may have read, who had somehow got a new and great idea into his brain, and while meditating upon it one evening, in the company of some friends, he was, it is said, repeatedly spoken to without being conscious of a single word, though his eyes, in each instance, were fixed upon the speaker. And on being asked to show a visitor out, through a long entry, he took an unlighted candle—do but think of it—an unlighted candle! waited upon the friend with it, gave the parting bow, returned to his chair, and yet seemed not to know any thing at all of his very great blunder.

And Erastus Bigelow was the madman of a splendid power-loom.

But I have wandered afar—have I not? Let me hasten back to Palissy—the madman of the lost art of manufacturing enameled pottery, who, as I was telling you, spent sixteen toilsome years before his efforts were crowned with success. I left him in poverty. I left him with his children scattered. I left him hoary and bent, as the necessary result of his long-continued labors and his numerous failures. But did I leave him in despair? No, no; for a glorious realization of success, he had never ceased to look forward to as something sure to take place. Still busy, by day and by night, he had not yet laid aside his look of cheerfulness. His shop was a cellar. In that subterranean working-place he had counted off day after day, and week after week, of fruitless application. By and by his labors resulted in partial success. His joy, at this time, to use his own words, was such as made him think himself a new creature. He soon found, however, that he was far from the perfect triumph, and the tide of his joy ebbed. Hitherto he had had his trial-pieces baked in the ovens and vessels of the village potters. But having got a faint yet real glimpse of the success that was before him, he resolved to construct a furnace of his own. That task being performed, he prepared vessels of earth and baked them. Then he ground his chemicals and spread them over his pottery. Having heated the furnace, he awaited the result. But the enamels would not melt. He must heave a deep sigh and spend long days in repeating the operation. At length his oven is ready to be heated again. He blows into life a flickering blaze, and then looks round him for wood with which to raise it into fervidness and power. But his wood is all gone. In vain he searches for a few remaining sticks about his dilapidated cottage. His wild eyes by and by alight upon the garden fence, and soon, with the hand of a maniac, he is tearing it down and throwing it, piece after piece, into the mouth of his hankering furnace. The fence is at length converted into ashes, but still the potter wants wood and must have it. It should seem as if all the world could scarcely have baffled him in that moment. Who would have dared to say to him then, that he must not use this thing or that for wood? He set but one price, just then, upon every thing that would burn—the price of wood. If there had been precious treasures before him, and they would have helped heat his oven, I believe he would have turned them into wood. Wood is necessary to Palissy's triumph; he is crazy after wood; and wood he

will have. So he seizes upon the very furniture of his rooms, and throws them into the fire. The chair, the stool, the table, each has to contribute its part to make more intense the heat he is striving to raise. His wife—of whom it has been well said, that while his was a martyrdom of determination, hers was a martyrdom of endurance—in vain resists him with entreaties, with tears, and with a wringing of her hands. And yet even this was not the last time Palissy was to heat his furnace without success. The great triumph was yet far off. Amid the jeers of his neighbors, and the cries of his children, and the curtain-lectures of his much-tried wife, he prepares to mix, and knead, and bake again. He manages, through the influence of an inn-keeper, to secure the services of an assistant upon trust. Six months pass by. The employé wants his pay. He takes some of Palissy's clothing—the only remuneration that poor potter had to bestow upon him—and withdraws from the task. Would you not say that this additional disappointment, coming in, as it were, to complete the climax of Palissy's trials, should have been enough to wean him from his purpose? But it was not so. On the contrary, he was roused by it to a more determined heroism. He showed himself superior to despair by becoming desperate. His whole genius was let into full play. I conceive that he was, all at once, made a new man—a man whom to completely dampen would have been almost as much as to put out the sun. Do not you suppose that he felt then as if his bones were formed of adamant? Do not you imagine that he could see then better in the dark than ever before; and that he seemed to himself to be, like the fabled Briareus, the possessor of more than half a thousand fingers and of fifty hands? See, now, with what a strange alacrity that silent potter uses up the daylight, and the twilight, and the evening, in his lonely cellar! It is a picture of genius, in the last moments before either a partial or a complete success. Such a luminous intensity of life—such an extraordinary activity of the perceptive part of the brain, can not long continue in a man without making him capable of reaches of thought and of an application of inventive power, such as would not be supposed possible in human experience. Of so mighty a travail why should not some great triumph be born? So it was in the case of Palissy.

He produces another set of trial-pieces. He once more purchases and grinds his chemicals. He spreads these upon the pottery. He puts the pottery into the furnace. The fire is kindled. The enamels are soon liquefied. But there is a

succession of little explosions within the oven, which are ominous to Palissy of another failure. At length the result is before him. The mortar with which his furnace had been constructed contained flints, which, from the influence of the fire, had burst in pieces and blown into the molten enamel. Had it not been for this accident, Palissy might then have clapped his hands in victorious transport. So the hour of perfect success is not yet. But one thing has been gained. The secret of enameling is discovered, and Palissy knows it. He is content, therefore, to turn from his scolding wife and from his scoffing neighbors, and seek his couch to pass one night—the first he had for a long period passed—of sweet and unbroken repose.

Time runs on; Palissy succeeds. Yes, the moment comes at last when he is permitted to hear the crackling of a fire in his furnace, which is to go out not in vain. Let us try to conceive of him, as his soul emerges into the glorious light of triumphant realization. We must, then, think of his furnace as having done its work. We must think of that task of sixteen years as being satisfactorily accomplished. We must think of enameled vessels rivaling, in beauty and volume, those of Lucca della Robbia, the buried potter of Florence. Palissy's soul must be supposed full of joy. Perhaps he sends a ringing shout into the air of his subterranean shop, which, finding its way into the apartments above, vibrates quickly and thrillingly to the ears of his wife. She catches the magical sound, hastens into the cellar, and tremulously enters into Palissy's presence. And now she beholds the husband of her early romantic dreams, and of her long-tried, yet not extinguished affection, standing over the triumph which has cost him so much of toil and sleeplessness. He has recovered the lost art; he has produced the long wished-for vase of beauty. In the first moment of his great success he could not restrain himself. He broke forth—we imagine that he did—into a deafening utterance. It was too much to enjoy alone—the first sight of that dear-bought triumph! He must have a sharer. And now that there is at his side one—to him the most precious of mortals—whose bosom is beating with a joyous agitation akin to his own, his heart is over-full. With his wife at his side he keeps gazing at his beautiful vessels and medallions, too happy to say a word! His fortune is made. France is close at hand waiting to wreath his brow with unfading laurels. His neighbors, like the repentant mutineers that bowed around the feet of triumphant Columbus, will soon acknowledge the grandeur of his heroism,

and soon yearn for his gracious and forgiving look. All France shall resound with the name of the "Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines."

And thus we leave Bernard Palissy, overcome for a while by a transport, which has already lighted up his wan countenance with the flash of a new-begun youth!

THE PULPIT.

BY S. R. H.

JOHN WESLEY VIEWED AS A GREAT PREACHER.

THE pulpit has been always recognized as the symbol of the greatest good to man. It

"Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause."

In the early history of the Church of Christ extraordinary preachers have occasionally arisen, who exercised a commanding influence over the conscience and heart of vast multitudes. And within the last century many great preachers have dignified the pulpit, who, though they were not all of them popular, in the usual acceptance of that term, were nevertheless, and in the highest and best sense, "able ministers of the New Testament." But, very recently, this country has witnessed an outbreak of the power of preaching, viewed under what must be called its *popular aspect*. We have no wish to criticise too severely these modern popular preachers, being thankful for almost any power that lays hold of the public mind for religious purposes. Yet we can not help expressing a fear—were it only for the sake of indicating a *caution*—that extravagant and vulgar observations, unworthy of a ministration that deals with the truth, and the eccentricities inconsistent with the seriousness of a divine service, have been, of late, too frequently and too freely indulged; whereby a notoriety has been obtained little conducive to the honor of God, or the true welfare of man. We regard with no small anxiety this modern phase of pulpit popularity; inasmuch as it differs so widely from the deeply-serious, not less earnest, and often learned preaching that distinguished the dawn of the last great religious Reformation.

Retracing the history of the Church for about one hundred and twenty years, we come upon a night of dense spiritual darkness in this land. The last representatives of the godly Puritan race had just passed away to a more peaceful grave than their fathers inherited, and only a few persons of any religious reputation lingered in the

Church. Baxter, Matthew Henry, John Howe were "no more." Isaac Watts, Dr. Doddridge, and such like men, were shut up in learned seminaries, or settled down in small centers of godly influence, while all around there was feebleness or death. Some zealous endeavors, it is true, were made by societies for the "Reformation of Manners," to stem back the tide of immorality that prevailed; but these efforts were mainly limited, as far as the public were concerned, to an appeal to the magistrate to enforce the law. No great evangelizing agency then existed; and the age of preaching—preaching viewed as a divine and aggressive ordinance, a proclamation of mercy, for the salvation of man—had apparently died out. Just then John Wesley, by the grace of God, arose. When there was no evangelization abroad that he could catch the spirit of and follow, no pulpit examples that he could imitate, under the influence of a new power—the power of an *experimental religion*—Wesley entered upon a forsaken, if not an entirely new and untried path.

We think it not unlikely that tradition, in treating of John Wesley as a preacher, has done him some injustice. Many of our own impressions, we suspect, have been created by the reminiscences of the few venerable men who are rapidly passing away from us, and who, retaining faint recollections of Wesley's last days, picture to us the manners of an apostolic man of near ninety years of age. But such traditional tales must be manifestly imperfect. So familiar, too, has the present generation become with John Wesley's printed sermons—his short, simple, terse, doctrinal sermons, which, with all their beauty and force, must lack many of the adjuncts and advantages of a personal ministry—that there is some fear lest a vivid and truthful view of Wesley as a great preacher should not be realized.

We have to pass backward three or four generations, and listen to Wesley surrounded by the thousands of Moorfields* and Kennington Com-

* John Nelson gives the following "account" of Wesley's first sermon at Moorfields: "O, that was a blessed morning to my soul! As soon as he got upon the stand, he stroked back his hair, and turned his face toward where I stood, and I thought fixed his eyes on me; his countenance struck such an awful dread upon me, before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me. When he had done, I said, 'This man can tell the secrets of my heart; he hath fully described the disease of my soul; but he hath not left me there, for he hath showed me the remedy, even the blood of Jesus.' Then was my soul filled with consolation through hope, that God for Christ's sake would save me."—*Journal*.

mon; we have to see him battling with the mobs of Staffordshire and Cornwall; we have to watch him in the presence of learned men at Oxford, and of fashionable people at Bath; we have to follow him to Ireland, and to Scotland, and observe him as he contends with the fierce bigotry of the former place, and the strong prejudice of the latter; and every-where we find him "holding forth the word of life" to large and varied congregations. And, as we witness the subsidence of the agitated waves, the awe and silence into which the angry masses are subdued; as we note the fascination that possessed the rich and learned, and the strong and overmastering excitement that seizes all classes; we are bound to admit, that whatever it may be that constitutes a man an effective orator and a great preacher, John Wesley possessed in a degree rarely equaled, probably never surpassed.

One who knew him well, namely, the Rev. Samuel Bradburn, testified to what he calls his "powerful eloquence," and speaks of him as an orator who was a perfect model to every Christian minister. "He often used," Mr. Bradburn says, "bold and figurative expressions; and never appeared greater in my esteem than when the vast conceptions of his towering soul seemed to beggar all the extravagances of hyperbole. Yet he knew how," Mr. Bradburn continues, "to contain the fury of his fancy within the bounds of reason."

Learning, elocution, imagination, wit, poetry, and whatever else of the same class of "helps" the Holy Ghost might be pleased to employ as means for success in the preaching of the Gospel, John Wesley possessed in no ordinary degree; but if we were called upon to state what particular propriety it was that made Wesley so great a preacher, we should at once note his *commanding* ministration of the truth. It was his power, especially, that distinguished him from his celebrated cotemporary Whitefield. Whitefield, by the music of his voice and fascinating words, readily won all hearts to himself; while Wesley, not the less successfully, though often after a hard conflict, aroused the conscience, and subjected the will, bringing the believer into an enlightened obedience to Christ. He, who was born to *govern*, carried the spirit and power of his commission into the pulpit. Innumerable instances are recorded of the ready address, and commanding appeals, and sudden retorts, and overwhelming rebukes, by means of which, as occasion required, he mastered and won his congregations. With a dignified bearing, and a seraph's love, he held an almost undisputed sway over all classes. "*Be*

silent, or begone!" he said to certain disturbers, "and their noise ceased." "I rebuked him sharply," Wesley says, "and he was ashamed." "A few gentry" who misbehaved themselves were "rebuked openly, and they stood corrected." There was "a brilliant congregation, among whom were honorable and right honorable persons: but I felt," Wesley says, "they were given into my hands; for God was in the midst." With a very different company the result was similar: in the midst of a riot that threatened death, Wesley says, "I called for a chair; the winds were hushed, and all was calm and still. My heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with arguments. They were amazed, they were ashamed, they were melted down, they devoured every word."

With these facts and incidents before us, we can easily credit Mr. Bradburn's further testimony respecting Wesley's spirit and power as a preacher when he says: "His holy soul has been elevated with heavenly joy, and drawn out by supernatural assistance to a great degree of devout ardor." At a time, then, when little, if any thing, around suggested the course Wesley followed; and when the ablest and best men of the day—with a few solitary exceptions—contented themselves with the attainment of a style of pulpit composition, correct, beautiful, *cold*; Wesley struck out a path of his own, and became the *extraordinary preacher* we have indicated—a preacher greatly in advance of his own times, and not a whit behind the greatest and the best of the many remarkable preachers who have succeeded him.

WHAT ART THOU?

BY HELEN BRUCE.

O! THOU Lord of earth and heaven,
Who in thought hath pictured thee?
All thy goodness and thy glory!
Who can know what these may be?

When thy children stand before me,
Clothed in majesty and might,
Thy celestial laurels waving
Brightly on my spirit's sight;

When I sit before them trembling,
Daring scarce to lift mine eyes
To the crowned ones, thy children,
How my swelling thoughts arise!

Rise exaltant to the Father,
Clothed in thunder—crowned with power!
What art Thou, O Sun eternal!
These but star-light of an hour?

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

FORSAKING A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.—"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away." Job vi, 15.

"To-day," says Mr. Whitefield in the journal of his first voyage to Georgia, "Colonel C. came to dine with us: and in the midst of our meal, we were entertained with a most agreeable sight. It was a shark, about the length of a man, which followed our ship, attended with five smaller fishes, called pilot-fish, much like our mackerel, but larger. These, I am told, always keep the shark company; and, what is most surprising, though the shark is so ravenous a creature, yet let it be ever so hungry, it will not touch one of them. Nor are they less faithful to him; for, as I am informed, if the shark is hooked, very often these little creatures will cleave close to his fins, and are often taken up with him. Go to the pilot-fish, thou that forsakest a friend in adversity, consider his ways, and be ashamed."

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.—"I would not live alway." Job vii, 16.

Dr. Dwight's mother lived to be more than a hundred years of age. When she was a hundred and two, some people visited her on a certain day, and while they were with her, the bell was heard to toll for a funeral. The old lady burst into tears and said, "When will the bell toll for me? It seems that the bell will never toll for me. I am afraid that I shall never die."

"How gladly my spirit would part
From all that around me I see!
There is but one lingering wish in my heart;
'Tis away from the earth and its sorrows to be.
O! when will the bell toll for me!"

NOT CAST OFF IN OLD AGE.—"Now also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not." Psalm lxxi, 18.

Martin Bucer was visited in his last sickness by several learned men, and among others, by Mr. John Bradford, who, on taking leave of him to go to preach, told him he would remember him in his prayers; on which Bucer, with tears in his eyes, said, "Cast me not off, O Lord, now in my old age, when my strength faileth me." Soon after he said, "He hath afflicted me sore; but he will never, never cast me off." Being desired to arm himself with faith, and a steadfast hope in God's mercies against the temptations of Satan, he said, "I am wholly Christ's, and the devil has nothing to do with me; and God forbid that I should not now have experience of the sweet consolation in Christ."

EARTH ON THE TABLE, HEAVEN ON THE SHELF.—"The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." Prov. iii, 14.

Mr. John Eliot was once on a visit to a merchant, and

finding him in his counting-house, where he saw books of business on the table, and all his books of devotion on the shelf, he said to him, "Sir, here is earth on the table, and heaven on the shelf. Pray do n't think so much of the table as altogether to forget the shelf."

BETTER THAT THE POT SHOULD BOIL.—"The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Psalm lxxix, 9.

An Indian having heard from a white man some strictures on zeal, replied, "I do n't know about having too much zeal, but I think it is better the pot should boil over, than not boil at all."

NOTHING BETTER IN ITS STEAD.—"By me kings reign, and princes decree justice." Prov. viii, 15.

The Bible is the foundation of all good government, as it instructs rulers and subjects in their respective duties. A French lady once said to Lord Chesterfield, that she thought the Parliament of England consisted of five or six hundred of the best informed and most sensible men in the kingdom. "True, madam, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, my lord, can be the reason that they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, madam," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute any thing better in its stead; when they can, I do not doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

LIVING BUT NOT SWEARING BY FAITH.—"The just shall live by his faith." Habakkuk ii, 4.

Two men of learning were conversing with each other respecting the method they should take in reference to a certain regulation imposed upon them by the higher powers, and to which they had conscientious scruples. One of them impiously swore, "By my faith I shall live." The other calmly and pleasantly replied, "I hope to live by my faith, too, though I do not swear by it." The result was, that the man who resolved by grace to venture his temporal interest for conscience' sake, lived in prosperity to see the other begging, and to contribute to his relief.

REASON GIVEN UP BY THOSE WHO REJECT THE BIBLE.—"They have rejected the word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them?" Jeremiah viii, 9.

A gentleman was arguing with a deist on the absurdity of rejecting Christianity without examination. He owned that he never knew a person examine the subject, who did not afterward embrace it; but excused himself from examining, under the plea that to do so was analogous to drinking brandy which always produced intoxication. "Is it not honorable to Christianity," says the gentleman, "to have enemies, who must give up the exercise of their reason before they reject it?"

BURNING INCENSE UNTO THEIR DRAG.—*"They sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag."* Habakkuk i, 16.

A blacksmith, who had been employed one day on the mission premises in India, fetched away his tools next morning for the purpose of worshiping them, it being the day on which the Hindoos pay divine honors to the implements of their various trades: the files and hammers of the smiths, the chisels and saws of the carpenter, the diamond of the glazier, the crucible of the goldsmith, etc., all become idols on this anniversary.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, A NEW JOY.—*"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."* Malachi iv, 2.

Kaiarnack, the first Greenland convert of the Moravian missionaries, had a peculiar felicity in communicating instruction to the savages, and could illustrate divine truths to them better than they, introducing striking remarks and profitable observations, which could not easily have been done by his teachers, while his exemplary walk gave force to his words. Once when invited to a sun-dance, "I have now," answered he, "another kind of joy, for another Sun, Jesus, has arisen on my heart;" and then explained to them the origin and nature of his joy, in a manner that silenced and amazed them.

RELIGIOUS PIRATES.—*"Will ye steal, murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely—and come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name?"* Jeremiah vii, 9, 10.

The following well-authenticated anecdote shows how entirely a mere formal and ceremonial religion may be separated, not only from good morals, but how it may trample upon the very instincts of humanity as well as all the practical duties of religion, and yet claim the divine favor. The instance, though relating to the Greek Church, finds its counterpart among the Papists of our own country.

Two Greeks, notorious for their piracies and other crimes, were lately tried and condemned, and three days after executed. In the course of the trial, it appeared that the beef and anchovies, on board one of the English vessels which they pirated, were left untouched, and the circumstances under which they were left, appeared to the court so peculiar, that the culprits were asked the cause of it. They promptly answered, that it was at the time of the great fast when their Church eat neither meat nor fish! They appeared to be most hardened and abandoned wretches, enemies alike to their own and every other nation, and yet rigidly maintaining their religious character; and while they were robbing, plundering, and murdering, and stealing the women and children of their countrymen, and selling them to the Turks, and committing other atrocious deeds, they would have us understand that they were not so wicked as to taste meat or fish, when prohibited by the canons of their Church!

SEE MY ZEAL FOR THE LORD.—*"Jehu said, Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord."* 2 Kings x, 16.

Mr. John Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," was once met by a woman who showed him a book she was carrying, and said, "See you not that I am going to a sermon?" The good man replied, "If you will be ruled by me, go home, for you will do little good to-day at Church." "When, then," asked she, "would you counsel me to go?" His reply was, "When you tell no one beforehand."

WHAT NEXT?—*"Thou hast indeed smitten Eden, and thine heart hath lifted thee up; glory of this, and tarry at home; for why shouldst thou meddle to thy hurt, that thou shouldst fall, even thou, and Judah with thee?"* 2 Kings xiv, 10.

We commend the following anecdote to worldly men of low as well as high degree. Let each one ask, what next?

When Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was making great preparations for his intended expedition into Italy, Cineas, the philosopher, took a favorable opportunity of addressing him thus: "The Romans, sir, are reported to be a warlike and victorious people; but if God permit us to overcome them, what use shall we make of the victory?" "Thou askest," said Pyrrhus, "a thing that is self-evident. The Romans once conquered, no city will resist us; we shall then be masters of all Italy." Cineas added, "And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?" Pyrrhus, not yet aware of his intentions, replied, "Sicily next stretches out her arms to receive us." "That is very probable," said Cineas, "but will the possession of Sicily put an end to the war?" "God grant us success in that," answered Pyrrhus, "and we shall make these only the forerunners of greater things; for then Libya and Carthage will soon be ours; and these things being completed, none of our enemies can offer any farther resistance." "Very true," added Cineas, "for then we may easily regain Macedon, and make an absolute conquest of Greece; and when all these are in our possession, what shall we do then?" Pyrrhus, smiling, answered, "Why then, my dear friend, we will live at our ease, drink all day long, and amuse ourselves with cheerful conversation." "Well, sir," said Cineas, "and why may we not do all this now, and without the labor and hazard of enterprises so laborious and uncertain?" Pyrrhus, however, unwilling to take the advice of the philosopher, ardently engaged in these ambitious pursuits, and at last perished in them.

A MILLSTONE ABOUT THE NECK.—*"But whose shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."* Matthew xviii, 6.

It was a favorite punishment in ancient times, to tie a large stone round the neck of a criminal, and then to cast him into the sea or deep waters. Thus, Appe-Murte, a man of rank, was destroyed in this way, for changing his religion, Buddhism, for Hindooism. The punishment is called *ala-parucky*. The millstones in the east are not more than twenty inches in diameter, and three inches thick, so that there would not be that difficulty which some have supposed in thus dispatching criminals. It is common, when a person is much oppressed, to say, "I had rather have a stone tied round about my neck, and be thrown into the sea, than thus suffer." A wife says to her husband, "Rather than beat me thus, tie a stone round my neck, and throw me into the tank."

NO MORE TWAIN.—*"Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."* Matt. xix, 6.

Of a happy couple it is said, "They have one life and one body." If they are not happy, "Ah! they are like the knife and the victim." "They are like the dog and the cat, or the crow and the bow, or the kite and the serpent."

Notes and Queries.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DAY-SONG AGAIN.—*Mr. Editor*,—Your correspondent, C. E. H., demands a reconciliation between us and Shakspeare—which is our excuse for this communication.

Your critic thinks he is in good company because he has made a favorable quotation from Shakspeare; forgetting that he is disputing the authority of one poet, namely, Moore; and yet brings in as authority another, namely, Shakspeare. So it amounts to this: that Moore, who is describing a natural scene, is doubted, while Shakspeare, who is describing no such scene, and merely refers to what he supposes to be a fact, as an illustration, must be taken as authority. Just allowing Moore and Shakspeare of equal authority as poets, and it stands thus: one states that the nightingale sings in the day; the other that he sings only in the night. This is the strongest case your critic has made out. As he seems fond of quoting poets, we refer him to Cowper's poem on the "Nightingale and Glow-Worm:"

"A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended."

Thus we think we have the greatest weight of poetic evidence.

Your critic, in his first criticism, said that his position was according to the teachings of ornithology. We certainly thought he would have shown his authority. But it turns out that the greatest ornithologist he can find is Shakspeare. We therefore will give a quotation from more reliable authority than can be gathered from all the regions of poetry. In Barclay's large Dictionary, under the word nightingale, is the following:

"In ornithology, one of the British migratory warblers whose song has ever been the admiration of those who could appreciate the beautiful. It is a plain bird, and very bold in its habits, and sings both day and night."

James G. is not "presumptuous" enough to think that he knows more than your honorable critic; but he does think he knows something more about the nightingale's day-song. And the above will show whether he is "hugely mistaken" or "practically ignorant" of the matter. He has made the birds of his home the study of his youth, and has listened to the nightingale's song with peculiar interest and delight, both by day and by night. Judge you as to whether he is a proper witness.

JAMES GUTSELL.

THEORY VERSUS FACT.—*Mr. Editor*,—Some things are true in *reality* which are not true in *theory*. For instance, it is true in *fact* that if a clock be started with both hands at twelve, the minute hand will overtake the hour hand at some time after one; but it is not true in *theory*; or at least *figures will not express the time* when the hour hand is overtaken. By a calculation we find that when the minute hand gets once around the dial the hour hand will be five minutes ahead; when this five minutes is traveled over by the minute hand the hour hand will be twenty-five seconds ahead; when this

is gone over by the minute hand the other will still be two and a twelfth seconds in the advance; when this is made by the minute hand the other will be five twenty-fourths of a second ahead; and thus you may keep on till the denominator of the fraction of a second expressing the distance between the two hands will contain enough figures to reach around the world, having five for the numerator, and still you will not have a correct answer.

Another illustration of this principle is found as follows: Take a unit and divide by two. Set down the result. Divide this result by two, and set down the two results together. Divide this last result by two, and set down the result with the others, and keep on so doing so long as you please. Then add the results together, and the amount *will be less than one*, though you have divided till your fraction is so small that it will hardly express the shadow of an imaginative object, or its denominator encircle the rings of Jupiter and have enough left to measure the comet's orbit.

If I am incorrect in the above, I wish some of your mathematical "Note and Query" contributors would set me straight in the matter. TITUS.

PARTIAL ANSWER.—The following is a partial answer to No. 4, Minor Queries, of the May number of the Ladies' Repository, 1858:

Behind, bifold, blind, blindfold, boll, both, bravado, deport, dido, do, dorado, droll, duo, forth, fro, gross, halo, ho, holm, holt, hogo, joll, joso, juno, molt, orolo, Pluto, poll, polt, porch, pork, ribato, refund, remold, retold, roll, ruth, russ, she, sheol, shorn, sol, solo, sord, stroll, swoin, sword, tol, trio, troll, trath, tupelo, volt, whilst, yolk.

A. J. M.

A NEGATIVE ANSWER TO THE SAME.—B. D. A. gives a list of words, sixty-nine in number, which he claims are spelled precisely as they are pronounced. If the sounds of the letters as they are heard in the alphabet is to be the standard of reference, the following words must be thrown out of his list: he, we, ye, go, wo, grind, hind, wind, wild, gold, hold, host, sworn, toll, worn, hero, negro, resworn, hindmost, which will reduce the number from sixty-nine to fifty.

The letters *g*, *h*, *v*, and *y* are called *jee*, *aitch*, *double gow*, and *wi*. The elementary sounds usually attached to these letters are not heard in their alphabetical names; hence they should be rejected. The following may be added: deport, doat, joso, polt, pork, rebind, remold, retold, sol, sord, tol, tolt, trio, volt, which will bring up the number to sixty-four, or about one word in every fifteen hundred. What a sad comment on the irregularity of English orthography! C. W. R.

HOW FISH RISE AND FALL IN WATER.—Fish possess the power of rising or sinking, by means of an air bladder; when distended with air, the fish is buoyed up, and remains on the surface of the water without any effort of its own. On compressing the bladder, by the action of the surrounding muscles, the included air is condensed, and the fish sinks to the bottom. On relaxing

the same muscles, the air recovers its former dimensions, and the fish is again rendered buoyant.

SHAPE OF THE CELLS OF BEES.—The shape which bees give to their cell is a regular hexagon. They could not have chosen a figure which would have afforded them a greater number of cells in the space contained in the hive. The property of this figure is that many united together completely fill up a space round a certain point, without leaving any void whatever.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—There are many sayings which have become familiar by use. They are household words. We will indicate the origin of a few of them: "Make a virtue of necessity," Shakspeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "All that glitters is not gold"—usually quoted, "All is not gold that glitters"—Merchant of Venice. "Screw your courage to the sticking place"—not point—Macbeth. "Make assurance doubly sure," Macbeth. "Hang out our banners on the outward [not the outer] walls," Macbeth. "Keep the word of promise to our [not the] ear, but break it to our hope," Macbeth. "It is an ill wind that turns none to good"—usually quoted, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good"—Thomas Tusser, 1580. "Christmas comes but once a year," Thomas Tusser. "Look, ere thou leap," Thomas Tusser; and, "Look before you, ere you leap," Hudibras—commonly quoted, "Look before you leap." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight"—usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind"—Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," Milton. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," Milton. "That old man, eloquent," Milton. "Peace hath her victories," Milton. "Though this may be play to you, 't is death to us," Roger L'Estrange, 1704. "All cry and no wool"—not little wool—Hudibras. "Count their chickens ere [not before] they're hatched," Hudibras. "Through thick and thin," Dryden. "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war"—usually quoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"—Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of two evils, I have chose the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," Byron, 1793. "A good hater," Johnsoniana. "A fellow-feeling makes one [not us] wondrous kind," Milton. "My name is Norval," John Home, 1808. "Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no fables," Goldsmith. "Not much the worse for wear"—not none the worse—Cowper. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Thomas Morton. "No pent-up Utica contracts your powers," Jona. M. Sewall. "Hath given hostages to fortune," Bacon. "His [God's] image cut in ebony," Thomas Fuller. "Wise and masterly inactivity," Mackintosh, in 1791, though generally attributed to Randolph. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens"—not countrymen—resolution presented to the house of representatives, December, 1799. Prepared by General Henry Lee. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," Charles C. Pinckney. "The almighty dollar," Washington Irving. "As good as a play," King Charles, when in Parliament, attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce bill. "Selling a bargain," is in *Love's Labor Lost*. "Fast and loose," *Love's Labor Lost*. "Pumping a man," Ottway's *Venice Preserved*. "Go snacks," Pope's *Prologue to Satires*. "In the wrong box," Fox Martyrs. "There's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in *Rob Roy*, and has doubtless, for a long time, been a familiar saying in Scotland.

ECHO POETRY.—The following is said to have been cut from an old newspaper two feet square, and dated 1760. It may amuse some of our readers:

"If I address the Echo yonder,
What will its answer be I wonder?

(Echo.) I wonder.

O, wondrous Echo, tell me, blesse,
Am I for marriage or celibacy?

Silly Bessy.

If then to win the maid I try,
Shall I find her a property?

A proper tie.

If neither being grave nor funny
Will win the maid to matrimony?

Try money.

If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain, or rather smart?

Smart.

She may n't love dress, and I, again, then
May come too smart, and she'll complain then?
Come plain then.

Then, if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say if that should please her?
Please, sir.

When cross nor good words can appease her;
What if such naughty whims should seize her?
You'd see, sir.

To leave me then I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her.
Sell her.

The doubting youth to Echo turned again, sir,
To ask advice, but found it did not answer."

EGGS.—The nourishment contained in eggs has never yet been questioned; but few persons are aware how eggs lose this property in cooking. "The yolk of eggs," says Dr. Hunter, "either eaten raw or slightly boiled, is, perhaps, the most salutary of all animal substances. It is taken up into the body of the chick, and is the first food presented to it by Nature after its departure from the shell. It is a natural soup, and in all jaundice cases no food is equal to it. When the gall is either too weak, or, by any accidental means, is not permitted to flow in sufficient quantity into the duodenum, our food, which consists of watery and oily parts, can not form a union so as to become that soft and balsamic fluid called chyle. Such is the nature of the yolk of an egg, that it is capable of uniting water and oil into a uniform substance, thereby making up for the deficiency of natural bile. When submitted to a long continuance of culinary heat, the nature of the egg is totally changed; so that, when eggs are medicinally used, they should be eaten raw, or but very slightly boiled."

MINOR QUERIES.—*Mr. Editor*,—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me why "Jesus Christ is called the Son of man," as in the text, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" Matthew xvi, 13, and various other places in both the Old and New Testament Scriptures?

Also: Was Adam created mortal or immortal? If immortal, could he have sinned? and if mortal, why was the sentence of death pronounced on him when he was driven from the garden of Eden? S. E. A.

Who is the author of the line,

"Damned with faint praise?"

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The Commencement exercises took place Wednesday, June 10th. There were twenty-four graduates. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Silas Comfort, of the Oneida conference, and the honorary A. M. on the following persons: Rev. George C. Crum, of the Hillsboro district, Cincinnati conference; R. W. Keeler, President of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa; O. S. Munsell, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington; Francis A. Hester, of the South-Eastern Indiana conference; and John Ogden, of Hopedale, Harrison county, Ohio.

DEATH OF REV. W. S. MORROW.—Rev. William S. Morrow, a member of the Cincinnati conference, died at his residence, Springdale, Hamilton county, Ohio, Saturday evening, June 19th. He was one of the very best of men and of preachers, and had always a smile on his face and love in his heart. No one could know him and not esteem him. His death, though after a very brief illness, was one of shouting triumph.

BRITISH WESLEYAN MISSIONS.—The number of central or principal stations under the control of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyans of Great Britain, is 493; of other preaching-places, 3,903; ministers and assistant missionaries employed, 693; members in full and accredited connection, 121,479; members on trial, 8,234; scholars in attendance on mission schools, 113,001; raised for missionary purposes, £123,062, or about \$415,310. Among the contributors was Tobias Wilson, Esq., Waterford, who, in one installment, paid \$5,000 in cash. A gentleman, who would not allow his name to be published, contributed \$4,500.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—Since the organization of the American Tract Society, now thirty-three years ago, there have been printed of tracts, 4,879,639,434 pages, at a cost of \$3,226,100. The profits on sales of the publications of the Society, for the year 1857-8, amounted to \$113,862, and for the thirty-two years previous, to \$915,285—making the total profits of the Society, on the sale of its books, over one million of dollars.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—It is estimated that there are in England 2,000,000 of Sunday school scholars, with 250,000 teachers; while in the Sunday schools of the United States there are 3,000,000 of scholars, with 500,000 teachers.

LONGEVITY.—There were found in the United States, in 1850, 2,555 persons over one hundred years of age. This shows that about one person in 9,000 will be likely to live to that age. The French census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over one hundred years old, though their population was larger by more than one-third than the population of this country. Old age is, therefore, attained among us much more frequently than in France.

SLEEP.—The human body falls asleep by degrees. According to M. Carbinis, a French physiologist, "the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head; and these last sooner than those which support the back, and he illustrates this by

cases of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking." He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first; then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing; and, lastly, that of touch. He maintains, also, that the viscera fall asleep, one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

SCRIPTURE ANTIQUITIES.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Mr. Graham gave an account of his travels to a Scripture land hitherto unvisited by Europeans, and his exploration of the now ruined cities, which were once under the rule of Og, King of Bashan. Considering their antiquity, they are in remarkable preservation; the houses lofty, with great slabs of stone for roofs, and stone doors carved into panels, and ornamented. A dead silence prevailed; yet so few are the signs of decay, that Mr. Graham paced the streets expecting every moment to see one of the old inhabitants step forth to meet him.

THE RAPIDITY OF SPEECH.—It is calculated that a fluent speaker utters between 7,000 and 7,500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking. Many orators, of more than usually rapid utterance, will reach 8,000, and even 9,000. But one hundred and twenty-five words a minute, or 7,500 an hour, is a fair average.

A JAPANESE CUSTOM.—It is a custom with Japanese parents on the marriage of a daughter, to present her with a marriage-dress and some articles of household furniture, among which are always a spinning-wheel, a loom, and the culinary implements required in a kitchen. Such presents, presented to an American lady, would be considered personal.

THE SONS OF PREACHERS.—There has been for years past a great deal of talk about the bad children of preachers. The Episcopal Recorder, in an article on the subject, takes the biographies of a large number of ministers, and says: "Of the sons of one hundred ministers, over one hundred and ten became ministers. Of the remainder, by far the larger proportion rose to eminence as honorable and successful men in business, or in the learned professions. Is there any body of one hundred men, taken at random from any other pursuit of life, of whom the same can be said?"

THE SABBATH.—The honorable Judge Thompson, of Philadelphia, has embodied in a single sentence one of the most weighty arguments against secular occupations on the Sabbath ever penned: "Thought perpetually running in one channel, like matrimony in one family, *dwarfs the intellect.*" It is an unanswerable objection to the publishing, vending, crying, or reading of Sunday newspapers. "Six days of such diet are enough;" the intellect and the heart need something else than business and amusement, or they become *dwarfed* and debased.

D. D.'s.—At the late Commencement of M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Ill., the degree of D. D. was conferred on J. B. Corrington and J. Van Cleve, of the Southern Illinois conference, and on Thos. Williams, of the Missouri conference.

Literary Notices.

THE SOURCE OF POWER; or, The Philosophy of Moral Agency. By Rev. S. Comfort, M. A. [Since the publication of this work Mr. C. has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Ohio Wesleyan University.] 16mo. Pp. 416. New York: Carlton & Porter.—Doctor Comfort's book is not happily named. What is meant by "The Source of Power" we are not certain that we have been able to discover, and after having gone through the book we are satisfied that the second part of the title is a sufficient, and the only appropriate index to the contents. The volume treats of "the nature and grounds of man's original and present moral agency." The subject has been well studied before it was put on paper, and the book is a clear and consecutive discussion of the theme. After definitions of "agency" and "moral agency" we have a philosophic account of the faculties of man. Dr. Comfort's psychology has nothing novel; but it presents, in a very forcible manner, the true Arminian view of the relation of the will to the other mental faculties, and to the motives of human action. The chapter on the Functions of Conscience strongly asserts the correct doctrine that conscience is *not the rule* of moral action, but *applies* a rule previously recognized; which rule is none other than the revealed will of God. This brings him to speak of man's moral agency as affected by the fall and by the atonement. He next shows that revelation and a true psychology must be in harmony, since the Author of the Scriptures is the same being who invested man with his faculties, and in whose works there can be no inconsistency. He then discusses the question, "how the two facts of man's moral [free] agency and God's foreknowledge of his acts can be harmonized." In Dr. Comfort's opinion, "it can be done only by justly defining *fore-knowledge*." To God all things, past, present, and to come, are, by virtue of his omniscience, equally known; so that, "in propriety of language, there can be, so far as God is concerned, no such thing as *fore-knowledge* any more than *after-knowledge*." Dr. Comfort reviews and defends the old, exploded, scholastic idea of an *Eternal Now*, and insists that in the divine Being it is correlate to an "*Immense Here*," as he names the idea of ubiquity; that God's *knowledge* embraces eternity in the same defensible sense that his *presence* fills space. The concluding chapter treats of man as a moral agent under Divine and human governments.

The book is thoughtful and suggestive, and will interest and profit men, of whatever name, who are inclined to metaphysical subjects. Even those readers who do not accede to all of Dr. Comfort's views, will still recognize the honesty and ability with which he presents and elaborates them.

CALIFORNIA LIFE ILLUSTRATED. By William Taylor, Author of "*Seven Years Street Preaching in San Francisco*," New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. 348 pp. 16 engravings. Price, \$1, with usual discount.—Mr. Taylor is a *live man*, and has produced a *live book*. This is undoubtedly the best delineation of California life, as it was, extant. Scenes of thrilling excitement, of touching tenderness, of noble heroism, and of dark crime—not concocted in the brain of the novelist, but enacted in

real life—are depicted here. No person can claim to know what life in California was till he has read this volume.

The proceeds of the work are to be appropriated to the payment of Church responsibilities assumed by Mr. Taylor. Those who circulate the book, therefore, will not only put an interesting book into the hands of the reader, but also aid in a good work. It may be ordered from any of the Methodist Depositories.

CHRIST AND ADORNMENTS; A Prize Essay.—This essay is in answer to the question, "What is the mind of Christ with respect to Christians adorning their persons with gay and costly attire? and what is the effect of such adornment upon the individual, the Church, and the world?" It was written by Rev. S. N. Platt, of the New York East conference, and received the prize of \$100, offered by "a friend of Christ." It is written with much power, presents strong and clear views of Christian duty, and is well varied with apt illustration and anecdote, so as to make it an interesting as well as instructive reading book. We recommend it to the attention of our Sunday school teachers. It ought to be in every Sunday school library in the land. Cincinnati: American Reform Tract and Book Society. 18mo. 25 cents.

GOSPEL FRUITS; or, Bible Christianity Illustrated, is a premium essay published by the same Society. It is designed to show what true religion is; and its narrations are well adapted to the young.

AUNT SALLY; or, the Cross the Way of Freedom, published by the same, is a narrative of the slave life and purchase of the mother of Rev. Isaac Williams, a Methodist preacher in Detroit, Michigan. This is one of those narratives that will implant in the heart of the young an implacable hatred of the system of slavery. It is an unvaluing of real life in bondage. 18mo. 216 pp.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—This standard work contains in its April issue, 1. *Annals of California*—being a review of Messrs. Soule & Gibon's "*Annals of San Francisco*," and Mrs. Farnham's "*California Indoors and Out*." 2. The Eastern Church. 3. Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire. This article contains a curious mixture of criticism and eulogy. 4. The Railways of Great Britain. 5. The Works of the late Edgar Allan Poe—a dark but true picture of the character and life of this wretched young man. 6. The Speeches of Lord Brougham—an article that will be read with interest. 7. Buckle's History of Civilization in England. 8. The Conquest of Oude. 9. The Second Derby Ministry.

THE NORTH BRITISH, for May, contains, 1. The Philosophy of History. 2. Professor Owen's Works. 3. Gothic Architecture. 4. The Scottish Universities—Defects and Remedies. 5. Lieutenant Maury's Geography of the Sea. An able and interesting article. 6. Parliamentary Government and Representation. 7. The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart. 8. Patristic Theology and its Apologists. 9. Rifle Practice. 10. Poems by Coventry Patmore. 11. Recent Publications.

From the article on Patristic Theology we excerpt a

paragraph: "Let no injustice be done to the fathers; nor let either the theologian or the philosopher of the nineteenth century withhold from his predecessor of the fourth whatever of honor may be due to his name. If we can not afford to be fair, we may begin to suspect the goodness of our cause or the purity of our motives. Truth does not change with time. It may expand, but it can not alter nor grow rusty; it does not die, nor need to be buried out of sight. Neither does it know old age, but is always young, always elastic, always fruitful. What was once true is true forever, though man may lose sight of it, or cease to value it. Though not, perhaps, consciously referring to it, we are always making use of it. The pearl is the pearl always, wherever it is found, and of whatever age: so the truth is always true, though written centuries ago, amid the mists and marshes of cloudier ages; and the falsehood is always false, though elaborated amid the sunshine of a scientific age, and adapted to the 'progress' and intellectual enlargement of these bolder and, as is supposed, less fettered times. Error is unjust and irritable: truth is calm and generous, hating injury, and loving to do justice to an adversary. It will profit us nothing to wrong the memories of those who, even though they may have spoken untruly, were yet as free to speak and write as we, and who are as well entitled to a fair judgment upon what they have promulgated as we. If, as has been said, all violence is loss to him who makes use of it, no less is all unfairness a wound inflicted upon truth."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The June number has been received, and is filled with its usual entertaining and valuable reading. Messrs. L. Scott & Co., of New York, it is well known, republish the London, Westminster, North British, and Edinburgh Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine—making them a *fac simile* of the English editions. To the English publishers they pay \$3,000 a year. To this they are compelled, not by law, but, as they say, "from policy and a sense of justice." At the low rate of \$10 a year, they furnish the American public with the five leading British periodicals. We have no hesitation in saying that this enterprise is vastly more worthy of support than any of the weekly or monthly eclectic publications. Let us have these noble periodicals entire, and then make our own selections. The following are the rates of publication: For any one of the four Reviews, \$3 per annum. For any two of the four Reviews, \$5. For any three of the four Reviews, \$7. For all four of the Reviews, \$8. For Blackwood's Magazine, \$3. For Blackwood and three Reviews, \$9. For Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10. Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the state where issued will be received at par. Address L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York city.

IMPROPRIETY OF CHRISTIANS DANCING.—A discourse preached at Port Huron, Michigan, by Rev. S. Reed. The author shows that *three* kinds of dancing are mentioned in the Scriptures; namely, that performed in religious worship, that practiced in the worship of idols, and that practiced for social amusement—the first only being approved, the others condemned. He then brings forward nine plain Scriptural reasons why Christians can not join in the pleasure dance. The argument is conclusively presented.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The July number of this magazine has contents as follows: The Catacombs of Rome,

concluded; Three of us; What a Wretched Woman said to me; Songs of the Sea; The Kinloch Estate, how it was Settled; A Perilous Bivouac; November; April; The Gancho; Mademoiselle's Campaign; The Swan Song of Parson Aveng; The Druslow Palace; Myrtle Flowers; Chesum Cook; The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; The American Tract Society; Notes on the Catacombs.

THE LAW AND THE BETTER HOPE. By Rev. J. H. Creighton.—This discourse is founded on Romans vii, 19. Its design is to show that though the law could not make the comers thereunto evangelically perfect, the glorious Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, can make us perfect and complete in all the will of God. The Wesleyan doctrine is brought out clearly, and then its most direct arguments forcibly presented.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, by Ann Preston, M. D., to the graduating class of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

EDUCATION, WITHOUT PIETY, FATALLY INCOMPLETE, is the theme of an able and appropriate funeral discourse preached by Dr. Collins, President of Dickinson College, on the occasion of the death of Jos. J. Stewart, of the senior class.

RELIGIOUS CULTURE is the theme of a sermon to the senior class of the Indiana Asbury Female College, delivered at the Commencement, June 20, 1858, by Rev. B. F. Rawlins, A. M., President. The author earnestly argues that moral and religious culture should take precedence of merely intellectual *in fact* as it does in theory.

Minutes of the following conferences have been received:

1. PITTSBURG, I. C. Pershing, Sec. Our thanks are due to brother W. H. Kincaid for this document.
2. WESTERN VIRGINIA, Rev. S. R. Dawson, Secretary.
3. MAINE, Rev. Asahel Moore, Secretary.
4. KANSAS AND NEBRASKA, Rev. I. F. Collins, Sec.
5. MISSOURI CONFERENCE, John L. Conklin, Secretary. Members, 5,105; probationers, 1,201; local preachers, 87; total, 6,393.

BALTIMORE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—The specimen number of this paper is before us. It bears date the 27th of May, but the regular issues of the paper may not be expected before the first of September. The price of the paper is \$2 per annum. It is about the size of the Christian Advocate and Journal, is gotten up in good style, and edited with marked ability. The publishing committee are N. J. B. Morgan, W. T. D. Clemm, A. Griffith, and F. Israel. Dr. T. E. Bond is the editor. He wields a racy and vigorous pen, and will not fail to give interest to the paper. This issue is accompanied with an address from the publishers setting forth the reasons for the publication; and also a sort of salutatory by the editor. From the latter we excerpt a paragraph showing its general tone and spirit:

"To other branches of the Methodist family we would especially offer the hand of brotherly kindness. Professing the same creed; organized with little exception under the same ecclesiastical system; adopting the same means of usefulness; using one literature, and bearing the same distinctive name—why may we not be brethren? Is there any thing in our difference which prevents sincere regard for one another? Is there any thing in our

opinions incompatible with charity? Is there any thing in dispute between us which should take precedence of the Gospel and occupy the greater attention of a people called of God to spread holiness in the world? So far as lieth in us we will cultivate peace with all our Father's children, and if that peace be broken by others, on them must rest the responsibility here, and the consequences hereafter."

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION shows that through the agency of this institution 1,524 schools have been organized during the past year, in places where none previously existed. The number of children gathered into them is 57,787; teachers employed, 9,694. During the past seven years the society has organized nearly 14,000 new schools. The receipts for the year are \$65,844.57, and the expenditures \$65,116.16. The total property held by the society is \$226,863.48; its liabilities amount to \$198,037.98.

NEW YORK CITY LADIES' HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The fourteenth annual report shows the total receipts to have been \$13,198.17, and the expenditures \$13,157.79. At the Five Points Mission 800 children have been enrolled, and the average attendance 240, giving employment for six teachers. At this point 15,000 garments, 704 pairs of shoes, 604 hats and bonnets, 462 quilts, and 235 other articles of bedding were distributed. There have been removed from that pit of destruction and placed in good homes 152 children and 155 adults. Seventy-five have professed religion and sixty-four admitted on probation in the Church. The Society has also a school of over 300 and a congregation at Corlear's Hook. The missionary is Rev. A. K. Sanford.

The following catalogues have been received during the month:

INDIANA ASBURY FEMALE COLLEGE, New Albany, Indiana, Rev. B. F. Rawlins, A. M., President, assisted by eight teachers. Four young ladies graduated this year.

CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE—sixteenth annual catalogue—Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., President, assisted by twenty-one teachers. The class just graduated numbered 29. The three classes in the collegiate department now number 148; the four in the preparatory number 172; the irregulars, 6; and the two primary departments, 33. This is one of the most thoroughly-organized and best managed schools in the country. We know of none where the standard of literary attainment is higher, or where an intellectually enterprising young lady will enjoy finer opportunities for improvement.

INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY, Rev. Cyrus Nutt, A. M., Vice-President and acting President, assisted by eight professors. The number of students is as follows: Law department, 16; collegians, 41; preparatory, 82; scientific, 44; normal, 59: total, 242.

PITTSBURG FEMALE COLLEGE, Rev. L. D. Barrows, A. M., President, assisted by eight teachers. The three collegiate departments number 37, the three preparatory 125, and the primary 20: total, 182.

BROOKVILLE COLLEGE, Indiana, Rev. G. A. Chase, A. M., President, assisted by seven teachers. Collegiate classes, 61; academic, 69; preparatory, 70: total, 200.

VALLEY FEMALE SEMINARY, Winchester, Va., Rev. Sydney P. York, A. M., and George La Monte, A. B.,

Principals, assisted by five teachers. Graduating class, 8; collegiate departments, 41; academic, 58; preparatory, 24.

OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, Delaware, Ohio. President, Rev. P. S. Donelson, A. M., assisted by six teachers. Classical course, 43; scientific, 162; ornamental, 7: total, 212.

SHELBY MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY, Shelbyville, Ill., Charles W. Jerome, A. M., Principal, assisted by six teachers. Gentlemen, 151; ladies, 126: total, 277.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE SEMINARY, East Greenwich, R. I., George W. Quereau, A. M., Principal, assisted by nine teachers. Average attendance of students, 183. A new edifice has recently been erected for this institution.

MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN ACADEMY, Sackville, N. B. Male branch, Rev. Humphrey Pickard, D. D., Principal, assisted by five teachers. Female branch, Rev. John Allison, A. B., Principal, Mrs. Martha L. Allison, A. B., Preceptress, assisted by six teachers.

QUINCY ENGLISH AND GERMAN SEMINARY, Quincy, Ill., Rev. James F. Jaquess, A. M., President, assisted by ten teachers. In the English department, 177; in the German, 30: total, 207.

WORTHINGTON FEMALE COLLEGE, Worthington, Ohio, Rev. Benj. St. James Fry, A. M., President, assisted by five teachers. The graduating class numbers 5.

ROCK RIVER SEMINARY, Mount Morris, Ill., Rev. W. T. Harlow, A. M., Principal, assisted by eight teachers. Number of students, 338.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Bloomington, Ia., Rev. W. M. Daily, D. D., LL. D., President, assisted by six professors. Seniors, 17; juniors, 9; sophomores, 24; freshmen, 145; preparatory department, 120; law department, 15: total, 231.

DICKINSON COLLEGE, Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President, assisted by seven professors. Seniors, 36; juniors, 31; sophomores, 29; freshmen, 42; preparatory department, 52: total, 190.

MOORE'S HILL MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Rev. S. R. Adams, A. M., Principal, assisted by seven teachers. Students, 216.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY for 1857-8, E. Thomson, D. D., LL. D., President, with four professors and three tutors. Students in collegiate department, 213; in Biblical department, 40; in scientific department, 53; in academical department, 214: total, 486.

WEST RIVER CLASSICAL INSTITUTE, Anne Arundel county, Maryland—seventh annual register—Rev. R. G. Chaney, A. M., Principal. Students, 160.

HILLSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE, Rev. Jos. M'D. Mathews, A. M., President, assisted by twelve teachers. Students, 131.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE AND NORMAL SEMINARY, Rev. O. N. Hartshorn, A. M., President, assisted by eight teachers. Seniors, 7; juniors, 13; sophomores, 39; freshmen, 25; teachers of the higher course, 255; preparatory department, 22; whole number of students, 361; whole number of teachers, 339; average attendance, nearly 197.

HERRON'S SEMINARY, Cincinnati. This institution has been in successful operation fourteen years. Joseph Herron, A. M., Principal, assisted by eight teachers and five lecturers. Students, 160.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Hot Weather—Methodist Quarterly—The New Englander—Dr. Thompson's Tribute to Dr. Taylor—Methodist History—Strickland's Life of Asbury—Stevens's Methodism—The Book Trade—New Works by the Harpers—Do. by the Appletons—The National again—College Anniversaries—The Troy University—Weesleyan University—The Reader's Judgment Forestalled.

Hot! hotter! hottest! If our May proved recreant to her ancient fame, and exchanged her accustomed smiles for weeping, and June brought in the summer with more than her characteristic coolness, yet July finds that summer not only inaugurated, but also fairly up to the requisite temperature, with the due accompaniments of thunder, lightning, and rain. Now is the time when editors like to lose sight of their offices, and hie away to the country, and readers to recline in the shade while poring over the volume or magazine, whose snowy pages are marked only with bold types and well-leaded lines, and whose matter makes only the most modest demands upon the thinking powers. Now, too, literary correspondents confess the power of summer's heat to mitigate the fervor of the fancy, and to incline the intellect to repose; so when in the coming dog-days your readers shall peruse this letter, they will please not forget that it was written in warm weather.

July is the month of the Quarterlies—number three of the current volume. I will speak of only the "Methodist Quarterly Review," of which, through favor, I received an extra-early copy. Just thirteen articles, including four editorial ones, on current matters. The rustic wondered how it happened that there was always just enough news to fill up the village weekly sheet, and some one may be green enough to inquire how it happens that just about so many pieces make up a Review, and even to suspect that all this is not brought about without some Procrustean operations; but all such are green. Are not articles written to be printed and worked up into columns, and pages, and volumes? And since it takes so many, and no more, bricks to build a given house, so it requires so many articles of the proper length to constitute a Review, and the demands of the subjects treated of are certainly not so inflexible as are the iron frames of the printer's case.

Dr. Whedon is doing one good bit of service in bringing out a new set of writers for the Quarterly, though in this number there are several familiar names. Even if the former contributors and their friends should think the exchange is not an improvement, yet it is a wise policy to be recruiting the stock of reliable resources, upon which the editor may draw in time of need. It is even suspected that periodicals of all classes are sometimes used—and why should they not be—as a kind of literary gymnasium, in which to train up a class of writers for more extended and more enduring works. It would seem that the editor of the Review is a believer in "woman's rights;" and as it is his method to follow out his convictions, he allows place in his pages to the productions of some of the gentler sex. We are favored with having in our Methodist literary circles in this city several ladies of real ability as writers, who, either over their proper names or anonymously, are from time to

time making the public their debtors by their published writings. Among these is the writer of the second article in this pamphlet—Miss Imogen Mercien, a name not unknown to the readers of the Repository, whose pure and chaste style forms a suitable vehicle to her animated and sententious matter. She is evidently fond of the pen, and the great danger is that she will spread her matter too thin.

By the way, the old Methodist Quarterly is holding on its way nobly. If, indeed, it is less scholarly and elevated in tone than under the former *regime*, this defect is compensated for by its versatility, and the perfect *abandonne* with which the editor mingles among—*pitches into*, you would say at the west—all sorts of living questions. It is refreshing to read his strictures on the facts and relations of the "peculiar institution," upon which subject he is perfectly at home, and evidently deals with it *con amore*. Perhaps I should be less amused by these manifestations of fervor did not my own notions pretty nearly agree with his, for I am fully aware of the truth of the homely old adage, that there is a marked difference "*between skinning and being skinned.*"

The last number of the New Englander has an article of more than ordinary interest, from the pen of Dr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church, in this city, on "Dr. Taylor and his system." Dr. Taylor was, for considerably more than a quarter of a century, the leading mind in the New Haven Divinity School, and, by the force of his intellect, and the originality—or *eccentricity*, as you please—of his theological scheme, he became the acknowledged head of a *school* in theology—the "New Divinity" of a few years ago. As a man, and a Christian minister, he merited and received the respect, not to say admiration, of all who knew him. As a lecturer and teacher of philosophy and theology, he has had few equals in any age or country. In New Haven he was recognized as the *neighbor* in whom every one reposed confidence, and among the Congregationalists of Connecticut he was long the acknowledged head and leader. But it was among his pupils of the Divinity School that his influence reached its most complete dominion; and as these are now to be found in every part of the land, in places of influence and stations of responsibility, his memory is not likely soon to perish, or his influence to cease.

This review of Dr. Thompson's should be looked upon as the tribute of a gifted and grateful pupil to the memory of a most excellent man and a genial instructor; and as such, it is honorable to both parties. From all that he says of the man, we would not even suggest any abatement, but when he carries his admiration and panegyrics over to his system one may at least pause and examine. And with all our admiration for Dr. Taylor's qualities of heart and mind, it may be questioned whether he was entitled to the praise of suggesting any thing really original in the philosophy of theology. At the outset he encountered the difficulties of Calvinism, and made it the great object of his mind's efforts to overcome them, a work in which all the fathers of that form of doctrines failed to afford him the needed help. Persistently abiding by the old mechanico-mental philosophy of Locke and his successors—a system which

permeates and vitiates the whole body of English theological literature—he still labored to find in man such a freedom as might justly devolve on him the responsibilities of his own actions. To do this he was compelled to deny the doctrine of original sin, as held and taught by the Saybrook Platform and the orthodox Churches of New England generally, and to claim for man a natural power to do good works—to repent and seek God. The attempt to reconcile this tenet with the Scriptures and with orthodox Christianity was the mighty work of his lifetime. Dr. Thompson thinks he entirely succeeded, and that his solution may be classed among the great truths of philosophy, and the most important one, on account of the dignity and importance of the subject to which it relates. I modestly dissent. The collected works of Dr. Taylor, which are here promised to the public, will be looked for with some interest; and doubtless they will constitute a valuable contribution to the theological literature of the age.

Methodistic history has, within a few years past, attracted a good share of the attention of our writers, and a large amount of valuable historical matter has been put into a state which insures its permanent preservation. Yourself, Mr. Editor, have contributed a share to this precious store, and therefore you know something of the richness of the mine in which you, with others, have delved. But most of these efforts have been directed to matters aside from the great facts and features of Methodism or of the Methodist Episcopal Church, though it is generally conceded that we have not in existence any satisfactory history of either of these. But fields so inviting can not long remain unoccupied, and already we learn that works are in preparation, and very nearly ready for the press, on both these subjects. An original Life of Bishop Asbury has been prepared by Rev. Dr. Strickland, and will soon be issued by Carlton & Porter. This work is designed to meet a confessed want in our historical literature—a plain and readable biography of the practical founder of American Methodism, embracing, as it must do, a comprehensive statement of the principal facts in the history of the Church during its whole forming period. The writer's object seems to have been to teach the facts in the case, and leave the reader to form his own theories and make whatever deductions the facts may lead him to. From an examination of a part of the manuscript, as well as from the author's known facility at that kind of writing, we are prepared to express a favorable opinion as to the character of the promised volume and its probable success.

On the other and greater subject, a comprehensive history of Methodism, it is announced the Rev. Dr. Stevens has been occupied for several years, and that he already has his work in a state of forwardness, so that the first installment may be expected in the course of a few months. The plan of the work, so far as it has been developed, is to embrace the whole subject, including, first of all, an account of the great religious movement of the last century, which received the somewhat indefinite name of Methodism, which, though operating within several distinct ecclesiastical associations, was itself non-ecclesiastical. This is the Methodism so often named in the English literature of the last hundred years, and out of which has risen some of the most considerable ecclesiastical bodies in Great Britain. In this movement the personal career of the Wesleys and their coadjutors forms an important item, though before

their death their affairs began to put on a new phase, and the societies they had formed had assumed an independent individuality. A second portion of this history would embrace an account of the progress of English Wesleyan Methodism, from the close of the former period to as near the present time as the writer might deem it expedient to come. The history of Methodism in America will constitute another important department of the work; and a faithful history and estimate of the various non-Wesleyan Methodist bodies, especially as found in the British Islands, would form an additional and highly-valuable portion of such a work. As a writer of history, Dr. Stevens possesses some very valuable properties, as all must confess who have read his "Memorials of Methodism in the Eastern States." He is patient in research, and discriminating in judgment—an enthusiastic admirer of the men of the olden times, and a firm believer in the divinity of the mission of Methodism in the world. The vivacity of his style, and the fertility and force of his imagination, must wholly redeem his work from prolixity, while the interest of the subject in its wide-spread and fruitful relations must give to the whole an almost universal interest. It is quite possible that the writer is not entirely influenced by ambitious motives in this undertaking. He has written much during the past quarter of a century, and has sufficiently demonstrated his ability as a writer of real merit, but he has produced little else than ephemeral works. It is time that he should devote himself to a higher style of authorship, and we rejoice in the assurance that he is doing so. The subject selected will give him ample room for the fullest exercise of his powers, and we trust those powers will be duly taxed to make the work worthy of the subject, and a lasting monument to its author. It is also to be earnestly hoped that due time will be taken to bring the promised work to the requisite completeness.

In the general book trade the want of activity, of which I have written in former letters, continues without abatement or promise of speedy relief. Harper & Brothers have just issued, in a huge royal octavo of 2,000 pages, "A Cyclopaedia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation," edited by J. Smith Homans, and J. Smith Homans, jr. I have not yet read the volume *through*—it is but just now issued—when I shall have done so I will speak more at large of its merits; at present I will only say, and in that I do not speak unadvisedly, that it is a *great* book. They also announce "in press"—which means, in the language of the trade, that such a work is in contemplation—a book of *Travels in the Argentine Republic and Paraguay*, during the years 1853-6, under the orders of the United States Government, by Commodore Thomas J. Page, of the navy. The work is recommended as a fitting companion to Livingstone's and Atkinson's volumes—which is high praise, and such as I hope may be fully redeemed.

The Appletons announce a volume—a reprint from the English edition just published—which is probably destined to awake no small interest in the learned world: "History of Civilization in England, by Thomas Henry Buckle." The name of the author is a new one in the literature of that country, and he breaks upon the public without any *avaunt* courier, but with great force and boldness. The present volume is only introductory, though in the English edition it extends to 854 pages octavo. The examination and discussion of the subject

is to be followed up in an untold number of succeeding volumes. The author is said to be a self-taught man, whom physical infirmity has cut off from the usual means of instruction and culture, but who has compensated by industry and untiring application the losses thus incurred. His reading seems to have been truly cyclopedian, and his philosophizings thorough and comprehensive. It perhaps never has happened that a solitary mind, conversing with other minds only through the medium of books, has been able to strike out and construct a complete and correct system—most certainly Mr. Buckle has not, though he has written both learnedly and profoundly. Of course he belongs to no school of philosophy, though he assimilates most nearly to the notions of Comte, Lewes, and Theodore Parker. He repudiates unbelief in ail religion, but earnestly, even violently, avows his disbelief in the ordinary forms of religious faith, and distinctly rejects as wholly unphilosophical any other revelation than that which is made through nature. He carries the laws of causation into the region of human conduct with the same absolute certainty which must prevail among the elements of nature, esteeming volitions and purposes, aspirations and efforts as really the results of prevenient causes as are any of the phenomena of the physical world. Men, according to his views, are as they are, by virtue of certain fixed and invariably efficient causes; and the whole reason why individuals differ from each other, and especially why nations and tribes differ among themselves, lies in the difference of their circumstances. This is nothing new in the world; the same thing has been often said before, but it is here repeated in language at once the most confident and entirely without railing, and the positions sustained by an abundance of plausible evidences. I may freely declare my dissent from the writer's whole system, and profess my conviction that "the faith once delivered to the saints" is in no special danger from this well-concerted attack upon it without at all detracting from any thing before uttered in behalf of the high character of the work as a philosophical disquisition. We shall after awhile see what the critics will say of it.

Your cotemporary, the *National Magazine*, "still lives," though the time appointed for it to depart has come and passed. The lease of its existence has been renewed for six months, at the end of which term it is assumed by some of its guardians that it certainly ought to voluntarily pass away. I am not in the secrets of the council in this matter, and therefore am not authorized to interpret the designs of its publishers, but should a judgment be formed from outside appearances, one might conclude that its demise would not occasion them very deep sorrow. We capitally doubt whether there is a magazine in the whole country which would not be dwarfed and at length killed by being publicly put upon probation for its existence. As I have at other times intimated, the *National* is not exactly up to my ideal of what it should be; but if it is judged best to continue it in its present form, why not say so at once and give its friends and the public assurances that it is going to live? I have not at all lost my confidence in the practicability of making that work a "power" in the literature of the Church and country, and both for our honor and profit it ought to be done.

The season of college anniversaries is upon us, with its accompanying parade and excitements within these little microcosms. With such trifles as the distribution

of honors, *et cetera*, you and I, Mr. Editor, may feel very little interest just now—though it was not always so—but others do, and unquestionably this bauble of a diploma has an important relation to the scholarship of our colleges. The ridiculous part of the business is the greediness for honorary degrees, especially the higher ones, evinced by those who have never earned them. I suppose this year will give us the usual amount of bachelors without arts, and doctors without divinity. The corporation of Troy University has recently proceeded to make the necessary provisions for setting that institution at work early the ensuing autumn. A faculty of government and instruction has been recently appointed, and as the buildings are about ready for occupation, it seems that there is no longer any thing to hinder the initiation of the work of teaching. It now appears that that institution is not to be properly a Methodist one, but of a mixed character. Of the four professors recently appointed but two are of that denomination, and one of the others—Dr. J. A. Spencer, an Episcopalian—is designated Vice-President, which, on account of the uncertainty whether Dr. McClinton will ever really discharge the functions of the Presidency, devolves the office of President on him till that uncertainty shall be removed. The right of the board to adopt this course will not probably be denied, though it was not expected by many who have favored the enterprise on account of its Church relations; the expediency of the course, in respect to the interests of the institution, is more questionable.

Our friends of the Wesleyan University at Middletown are looking forward to their approaching annual gathering with quite a lively interest. The new President—Dr. Cummings—has entered upon his duties, and is said to be prosecuting his work with great energy, and giving large hopes of success. A Professor of Mathematics is to be chosen, and other changes in or additions to the board of instruction are contemplated. The institution is now firmly established; with a respectable and reliable endowment, a wide field of patronage, a numerous and highly-respectable body of *alumni*, and the prestige of its traditional renown, I consider it as far in advance of any of our other colleges as it is before them in age.

The numerous changes in our educational departments have become a great and crying evil. Our institutions are weakened by it, and, indeed, lose greatly in their hold upon the public confidence. The difficulty is not that we lack competent men for these posts, for we have enough of them to man all our institutions, and men too who would willingly devote themselves to the work. But the fact is, scarcely any of our institutions—we had almost said not one of them—are adequately endowed; and some of them are not only destitute of any endowment, but are in debt for the buildings they occupy. We are absolutely ruining our educational enterprises by this miserable, short-sighted policy.

And now, my dear Editor, I appeal to your own *sensibilities*, and to those of your tens of thousands of readers—as lolling in the shade they scan this diatribe of mine—and ask whether, all things considered, I have not made out a pretty fair and full "correspondence." Where I shall date my next is yet uncertain; for, like the birds of passage at the approach of spring, I begin to feel a strange inclination to be off some-whither. Thence you shall hear from me. Good-by.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

A DISTINCTION.—A celebrated oculist, after performing the operation of couching the eyes of an old woman, or, in the language of the poet—

"He from thick film had purg'd the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour'd the day"—

inquired if she could read a book of a certain sized print, to which she replied in the negative. Another operation—another coat of film was to be displaced; when, just as the operator was about to resume, she cried, with admirable *naïveté*, "Mayhap it be, sir, 'cause I never larnt—for I be no scholard, whatever."

DR. PARR AND THE LADIES.—The rudeness of Dr. Parr to ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogeny of reason, and who afterward apologized for herself by saying, "that it is the privilege of woman to talk nonsense," "No, madam," replied the Doctor, "it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle."

SPEAK GRAMMATICALLY.—Good grammar was not so much studied as good cookery by our grandmothers—at least they used phrases which offend the ear of our time. One of our worthy old ladies was accosted the other day at her door by a little ragged basket-girl selling matches. "Get away," said the old lady, "I do n't want none, not I." "Ma'am," replied the girl very accurately, "if you do n't want any, you might at least have spoken grammatically when saying so."

POPE AND THE BEGGAR-BOY.—Pope having refused a penny to a beggar-boy, with his usual expletive, "God mend me," the little fellow, looking at his short, crooked stature, cried out—"God mend you, indeed! why, it would take a great deal less trouble to make a new one."

EPITAPH ON A BLIND MAN.—The following is not bad:

Here lieth one who saw no faults,
For he, in truth, was blind;
And as he had an idle wife,
Fate thus to him was kind.
Her dirty face and ragged clothes,
'T was thus he never saw—
And thus was spared full many words,
And knowledge of each flaw.

AN IRISH BULL.—The Irish forever for bulls and blunders. A genuine son of the Emerald Isle, finding only three persons in attendance upon his proposed lecture, made the following address:

"Ladies and gentleman,—As there is nobody here, I 'll dismiss you all. The performances of this night will not be performed, but they will be repeated to-morrow evening."

NOTE OF ADMIRATION.—Dr. Johnson's definition of a note of admiration (!), made on the moment, is very neat:

I saw—I saw—I know not what—
I saw a dash above a dot,
Presenting to my contemplation
A perfect point of admiration!

A RIDDLE.—The French delight to try the *esprit* of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he must carry, from one side of the river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage; and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarrassment is equal; for he must risk his goat or his cabbage on the other side of the river. The answer is—he must take the goat first, the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

SATAN BEFRIENDED.—It is not often that a good word is spoken for the father of evil. Burns, it is true, wrote an "Address to the Deil," in which he came to the charitable conclusion that even Old Nick might mend his ways and save his bacon:

"But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben,
O wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!"

But it has remained for Monsieur Proudhon, the noted French Socialist, to boldly embrace the cause of Satan as a friend! In his recent work, which has just been seized in France, by judicial process, he says:

"Come, Satan, come, thou the calumniated of priests and of kings! Let me embrace thee, let me press thee to my bosom! Long is it that I have known thee, and long hast thou known me! Thy works, O blessed one of my heart! not always are they beautiful and good; but they alone give a meaning to the universe, and save it from absurdity. What would man be without thee? A beast. Thou alone animatest and fecundatest labor; thou ennoblest wealth, thou excusest power, thou puttest a stamp on virtue! Hope thou still, thou proscribed one! I have to serve thee a single pen, but it is worth millions of bulletins."

LOGIC.—A writer in the Westminster Review once took the position that alcohol is food, and offered the following logic in proof of it:

"Food is force,
Alcohol is force,
Therefore alcohol is food."

Dr. Mussey gives a formula equally legitimate and conclusive; namely:

"Horse feed is force,
Whipping a horse is force,
Therefore whipping a horse is horse feed."

Good logic tolerably; equal to:

"A horse has legs,
So has a man,
Therefore a man is a horse."

Sideboard for Children.

DID JESUS DIE FOR MR. PAT?—I have often read the sayings of the dear little ones, and always with much interest. I send you some that have come under my own observation. Our little Eunice, a lovely girl of three years and four months, sitting in her little chair, had been for some moments in a deep study, then raising her soft, blue eyes, said she, "Ma, did Jesus die for Mr. Pat?" Said I, "Yes, my darling, he died for all mankind." "Well," said she, "I thought if Jesus died for Mr. Pat, he would not swear so much, and would be a dood man." After I told her that Jesus died for all mankind, she drew a long breath. "Yes," said she, "Jesus died on the toss."

M. W. M'C.

DOOD OLD DOVES.—Her pa's name is Joseph, and one day said she, "Pa, was it you begged the body of Jesus?" He told her no, that it was good old Joseph. Said she, "Pa, you are dood old Doves?"—Joseph.

M. W. M'C.

NO, I FALL DOWN.—We have a little Charley, aged two years and eight months, who expresses some pretty thoughts from time to time. I send you two of these for your "Sideboard for Children," should you deem them worthy a place there:

When a little more than two years old he was one day sitting on his aunt's knee and said, "I we be a dood litte boy and en I do where Dod is—way up in e sky." Then, looking upward, he meditated a moment and added, "No, I fall down!"

J. A.

ITS FEE AWAY WHERE DOD IS.—The other I overheard the other day while in the garden. He and his little brother James and sister Mary were sitting together. James had caught a butterfly and held it in his hand. "Poor little thing," said Mary, "let it go." James released it, and it soared away toward the clouds. Little Charley watched it eagerly for a minute or two, and then in a low tone and solemn manner said, "Its fee away where Dod is."

J. A.

HOW DOES GOD COME DOWN?—One day Eddie's mother was telling him about God, and that, while his home is in heaven, he is present every-where. "Where is heaven, ma?" he inquired.

"Above the sky," was the reply.

"Well, ma," said he, "if heaven is above the sky, how does God come down here?"

HANCOEN.

ARE RATS DOT SOULS?—A friend, who talked much with her little girl of God, heaven, and her soul, had occasion one day to correct her. The next morning found the child unusually sedate. "Ma," she asked, "are rats dot souls?" "No, love; why do you ask?" "Cause, ma, last night they kept running round, and they said all the time, 'We doing to heaven and Emmy an't, we doing to heaven and Emmy an't,' and you said any thing did n't go there that had n't got souls."

E. C. A.

SILVER PLATES IN THE SKY.—A little prattler was asked whom he loved. He replied, "Pa, Ellen, and God." A child gazed from the open window upon the silvery night. Said he, "God has got a big silver plate and little silver plates out in the sky, but I can't see any letters on them."

E. C. A.

LIT A MATCH IN HEAVEN.—One cold morning, in the depth of winter, just at the peep of daylight, a little girl, about four years of age, said to her little brother, "I know why it got light so early this morning. God lit a match up in heaven, did n't he?"

ME MAKE DE RAIN ALL GET DOWN.—The following is "cute" for a little boy about two years old. He asked, "What make de wind bow?" He was told God did. Then he asked, "What make it rain?" Upon being told again that God did, he ob-

served, "I wish me be God; me make de rain all get down and stop rainin'."

J. P. H.

OUR INFANT IN HEAVEN.—A friend has copied for us the following waif. The author is unknown to us:

Silence filled the courts of heaven,
Hushed were angel-harp and tone,
As a little new-born spirit
Knelt before the eternal throne;
While her small white hands were lifted,
Clasped as if in earnest prayer,
And her voice in low, sweet murmurs,
Rose like music on the air,
Light from the full fount of glory
On her robes of whiteness glistened,
And the bright-winged seraphs round her
Bowed their radiant heads and listened.

Lord! from thy world of glory here
My heart turns fondly to another;
O, Lord, our God, the Comforter
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!
Many sorrows hast thou sent her,
Meekly has she drained the cup,
And the jewels thou hast lent her,
Unrepining, yielded up—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

Earth is frowning darkly round her,
Many, many hast thou taken;
Let her not, though clouds surround her,
Feel herself of thee forsaken.
Let her think, when faint and weary,
We are waiting for her here;
Let each loss that makes earth dreary,
Make the thought of heaven more dear—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

Savior! thou in nature human,
Dwelt on earth a little child,
Pillowed on the breast of woman,
Blessed Mary! undefiled.
Thou, who from the cross of suffering,
Marked thy mother's tearful face,
And bequeathed her to thy loved one,
Bidding him to fill thy place—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

Thou, who from the heaven descending,
Tears, and woes, and suffering won;
Thou, who Nature's laws suspending,
Gave the widow back her son;
Thou, who at the grave of Lazarus,
Wept with those who wept their dead;
Thou, who once in mortal anguish,
Bowed thy own anointed head—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

The dove-like murmurs died away
Upon the radiant air,
But still the little suppliant knelt,
With hands still clasped in prayer;
Still were her softly-pleading eyes
Turned to the sapphire throne,
Till golden harp and angel voice
Rang out in mighty tone;
And as the silvery numbers swelled,
By seraph voices given,
High, clear, and sweet the anthem rolled
Through all the court of heaven.

Editor's Table.

GOING TO SCHOOL.—We claim a somewhat exclusive right to this gem of art. Two of the most eminent artists in the country have combined their art and skill to produce it for our use. It was both painted and engraved "expressly for the Repository." Hence our special effort to monopolize it; of which those who are accustomed to copy some of our choice pictures will take due notice. The picture itself will revive in many minds the "going to school" scenes of early life; the sports in which, sometimes, books were lost and the school was forgotten. How many of our noblest men and truest women owe their present character and position to the common school! Its results in our country are like those produced by the coral insect in the ocean. Many an island of strength and beauty shall come to the surface, upon which the blossom shall expand and the fruit ripen, and against which the storm and the wave shall dash in vain.

THE PORTRAIT in this number, we are assured, does not need to be named. It will be recognized very largely. Jointly with the Book Committee we assume the responsibility of its issue. A historical sketch "to match," under other circumstances, might be desirable, but it is hardly necessary in this case. It would be little more than repeating what has already appeared in our pages, sketched, too, by a master limner.

DEATH OF REV. DR. BUNTING.—For half a century Dr. Bunting has occupied a prominent place in the English Wesleyan connection. The firm defender of the Church, against him, more than any other individual, have the bitter shafts of revolutionists been hurled. His long and illustrious career in the Church militant was closed on the 16th of May last—he being then in the eightieth year of his age and the fifty-ninth of his ministry. His bodily infirmities have been great and increasing for some time; but his intellect was unclouded, and his end was peace. Some of his last expressions were: "I am in the hands of God;" "I have peace;" "I have fought the good fight." His loss will be severely felt by the great Wesleyan body.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many who send us contributions request letters of acknowledgment, etc. Our friends must excuse us. We repeat the notice, already oftentimes repeated, that we have not time for such correspondence. We are not without the disposition to accommodate all such, but it is simply impracticable.

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—We make free with a few scraps from our current correspondence:

A Picture of Sorrow.—"I have been a subscriber to your excellent monthly for only a short time. There has been in almost or quite every number this year one or more pieces which have found an echo in my heart. I have stood by the death-bed of a kind relative through the silent watches of the night and saw the breath of the dying one come faintly at times, as if the spirit was quietly leaving its clay tenement, then again it seemed a mighty struggle for the poor sufferer to get one more breath of earthly air. But that trial is over. The frame, once racked with pain, is sleeping beneath the clouds of our

village cemetery its last, long sleep. But when the archangel shall stand upon the sea and solid land, and proclaim, with his mighty trumpet, that time shall be no longer, then I hope to meet her on that happy shore, where all tears shall be wiped from our faces, and enduring happiness fill our souls."

Unrealized Hopes.—An editorial position makes one more fully realize the keenness of disappointed literary aspiration. Literature is described as a "flowery pathway;" but the thorns are there as well as the flowers, and it has often been trodden by "bleeding feet."

"Now, my brother, along your literary pathway, can you any where discover the prints of *bleeding feet*? Were you ever, for years and years, a poor invalid? From the noonday heights of life did you look back to its morning spent in restless longings for that which feeble health prevented you from obtaining? Or has your literary career been one of uninterrupted pleasure and success? Did you ever long to do something worthy of your origin and destiny, and yet find your way hedged up at every step? If so, you can feel for me."

Encouragement of Genius.—In a serio-comical plea for a young contributor who was just venturing his first production, we have the following life revelation:

"Now, Dr. Clark, these young writers want *encouraging*. I know that by experience. If my school-teacher had n't caught me in a corner at recess with a slate full of rhymes, and informed me before the whole school that I was a decided genius; and if my mother had n't put her dear arms around my neck and said may be I'd be a poet some day, I should never have *astonished* you and your patrons."

An Approving Note.—We can make no minute of the encouraging notes we receive from different and distant parts of the country. We have a place where they are upon record. The following item, however, from a communication we are inclined to place among our excerpts:

"We value the magazine very highly indeed, and would not be without it for double the price of the subscription. Although not a member of your Church, I feel a deep interest in its circulation, deeming it inferior to no magazine published in the country, and just the thing required by the Christian world at the present time. Wishing you great success in your laudable enterprise, I remain yours in Christian affection and brotherly love."

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The author of "Summer Fruits" inquires, "Why are my articles uniformly rejected?" The author is an entire stranger to us, and therefore he can not suppose that personal motives influence us. We leave him, then, to *guess* the answer to his rather simple question. But we beg to assure him that it would not be less crossing to nature for a miser to throw away dimes than an editor to reject worthy contributions. The author of the "Ode to the Supreme Being" prefixes an N. B., in which he says, "Please *investigate* this poem before you reject it." We have done so; but can not agree with him in his subtended "N. B.," that "the

above Ode excels any ever written by an American author." The opening couplet is as follows:

"O thou celestial King! whose ample light
Doth occupy all space, all motion guide!"

Does God's "light" guide "all motion?" We add the first four lines of the second stanza:

"Philosophy, in research most sublime,
May weigh the ocean and describe the star,
But no skill in prose or the poet's rhyme,
Surveys our plastic Monarch in his car."

It occurs to us that we have seen passages, even in our American authors, quite equal to this. But, after all, the poem contains some redeeming passages. "Rollo" has a fine theme, but a rather defective poem. The following will hardly do: "A Mother;" "To my Sister in Heaven;" "Christian Love;" "The Dying Child's Request;" "The Home of the Blest;" "We have been Friends together;" "Grandeur;" "Something Better;" "The Orphan;" "Beauty and Loveliness;" and "There is Light there." "A Husband's Prayer" will do very well for the closet. We would like to hear again from the authors of "My Dreams," and "Your Sky is all dark." "Are you Repining?" has merit, especially as to sentiment; but the writer needs more practice. "The Great Painter" has some good parts, but is too long. "Spring," ditto.

REV. DR. STRICKLAND.—Few wield the pen more industriously than our good friend, the Assistant Editor of the Advocate and Journal. In addition to office work at 200 Mulberry-street, we see it announced that he has nearly prepared a Life of Francis Asbury; and from other sources we learn that he is also engaged upon the new Cyclopaedia of Ripley & Dana.

REV. DR. WILEY, well known to our readers, has been invited to the Principship of the New Jersey Conference Seminary, located at Pennington. He will soon issue a work on China, for which he is well prepared by missionary experience.

REV. C. ADAMS has been elected President of Jacksonville Female College, Ill., and will enter upon the duties of his office in the fall. He has had a large and successful experience as a teacher; and wherever he goes he carries a warm and large heart.

GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.—At Evanston are to be found the "Academic Shades" of the north-west. It is a delightful rural retreat. The recent examination at the Garrett Biblical Institute passed off in a manner that gives large promise for the future of that institution. The time is fully come when increased attention should be given to the training of candidates for the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.—The Rev. T. Bowman, D. D., of the Baltimore conference, and formerly Principal of Dickinson Seminary, has been elected President of this institution; and B. T. Hoyt, A. M., President of Indianapolis Female College, has been elected Professor of Languages.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.—Rev. R. S. Rust, A. M., of the New Hampshire conference, has been elected President of this college. We learn he will enter upon his duties at the opening of the college year. We wish for him and for the institution large success.

SEWING MACHINES.—Some time since we promised a farther and more special notice of the sewing machine. It is only necessary that the merits of the invention be made known, and these machines will become as common in our houses as "reapers," "mowers," "corn-shellers," and "thrashing machines" are upon our farms. Let us come directly to facts. A seamstress with the hand can take from thirty to fifty stitches per minute. With one of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines the skillful operator can take from six hundred to one thousand. As high a speed as two thousand stitches per minute has actually been attained. The work looks much better, and is done equally well as when executed with the hand. That is, with one of these machines the housekeeper will accomplish in *one hour* what it would take her *three days*—working nearly seven hours each day—to accomplish with the hand. Or she will accomplish in *one day* with the machine what will take her *twenty* to accomplish without it. This is no fiction. We have witnessed the experiment, and vouch for the statement. The time will soon come when the sewing machine will be regarded as a necessary part of household furniture. There is no family where there is not a large amount of sewing to be done. Now, if *ninety-five* parts in every *hundred* of the labor can be saved by a machine, what is \$100 or \$130 compared with the benefit to the family—the relief to the housekeeper? We refer, in the above remarks, simply to the sewing. The labor of preparing the work for the needle is the same, of course, with as without the machine.

There is no kind of household labor so wearing to the system, and at the same time so ever present and so inexorable in its demands as "the everlasting stitch, stitch, stitch." It is a work that can rarely be intrusted to other hands. The patient wife and mother has been compelled to toil on from morning to late in the night, at her ever-recurring task, from which, very often, even money could not purchase exemption. Now relief has come—relief more legitimate and practical than "woman's rights" conventions ever dreamed of. The "stitch," "the everlasting stitch," may be made to the "song" of the machine. The labors of long and weary hours may be reduced to brief and tripping minutes. Into tens of thousands of families the sewing machine would, at this very moment, carry immense relief. We can not envy the head of a family who would deny such a boon to his toiling wife; nor the wife who will not take the little pains and exercise the little discipline necessary to make her proficient in the management of the machine.

Another and a more delicate task remains; that is, to indicate the best machine; but from this we shall not shrink, believing that also to be a part of the duty we owe the public. We have not only examined the three leading machines, but witnessed their operation under our own roof. Grover & Baker's we set aside. The stitch it makes is liable to ravel, and its machinery is also liable to get out of order. Singer's and Wheeler & Wilson's are more equally matched; but here, for the various family work, it is now no longer difficult to come to a full decision. The radical difference is in their *mode of producing* the stitch, though there are other differences in the application of machinery, by no means unimportant.

It is now well settled that what is called the "lock-stitch" is the only one adapted to this work. This stitch was invented and patented by Mr. Howe in 1846, and is

the stitch made by both Wheeler & Wilson's and Singer's machines—they having licenses from Mr. Hunt. We attempt a little representation of this stitch. It is formed with two threads, one above the other below the fabric sewed, interlocked with each other in the center of the fabric. In the figure below



e represents the section of the fabric to be sewed, e the thread above the fabric, and s the thread below the fabric. The threads are made to lock around each other in the center of the fabric sewed, so that each thread returns to the same surface of the fabric as that on which it entered. Thus the thread e only appears on the upper surface, and the thread s only on the lower surface. This is the celebrated "lock-stitch."

There are two modes of producing this stitch. One is by a shuttle. In this, the upper thread is thrust down through the fabric by a needle, and forms a sort of loop, through which a shuttle, carrying the lower thread wound upon a bobbin, is made to shoot; then the loop is drawn up and the stitch formed. This shuttle is a little over two inches in length, weighing one-fourth of an ounce. In forming one stitch it advances its entire length through the loop, and recedes the same distance, consequently moves four inches at each stitch. The movement being reciprocating, the shuttle must be started, moved forward, and stopped, started, moved back, and stopped again, at each stitch—that is, power must be applied to start the shuttle twice, stop it twice, and move it four inches at each stitch, besides the power required to drive the needle arm and other movable parts of the machine. Suppose an attempt be made to run the machine at a high speed—say one thousand stitches a minute—the shuttle must be made to move through four thousand inches each minute, and this not by continuous motion; for it must also be started and stopped four thousand times during the minute. In addition to this the friction in the race-way along which the shuttle is driven becomes very great when high speed is attempted. Here is a great waste of power, besides an insuperable obstacle to the highest speed.

Can this difficulty be overcome? It will at once be apparent that if the service performed by the sliding shuttle can be transferred to a rotary wheel, this waste of power, the friction engendered, and consequent jar and noise of machinery, will be avoided. This has been most successfully accomplished by the "rotating hook," invented by Mr. Wilson, and now used in Wheeler & Wilson's machine. Imagine to yourself a circle or wheel about the size of a silver dollar, cut diagonally so as to form a sharp point, or "hook," which, as the wheel revolves, shoots through the little loop formed in the upper thread. The process is exceedingly simple, though not easy of description. The wheel revolves on an axis, and is made to perform the same service as the sliding shuttle. It is done without jar, with the least possible friction, and with a velocity which almost transcends belief. By this "rotating hook" the upper thread, which is thrust down through the fabric by the needle, is carried around a stationary bobbin of about the size and thickness of half a dollar, containing the lower thread. It is thus interlocked with it, and then the point of interlocking is drawn into the center of the fabric. The

substitution of the rotary movement of the "hook" for the reciprocating motion of the shuttle, is the latest grand improvement in the sewing machine, and it is that which now gives Wheeler & Wilson's its decided advantages over all others for family use.

The "hemmer" attached to this machine hems with great facility, doubling over the cloth into its proper position and stitching the hem at the same moment. There are also appliances for regulating the width of hems, gauging the seams, etc. All numbers of thread are used, and needles to match are furnished.

"The operator at this instrument," says Appleton's Dictionary of Mechanics, "seats herself before the table, on which the machine is placed, with her feet upon the sandal treads by which the machine is driven. The threads being adjusted, the machine is touched into motion by a gentle pressure of the feet upon the sandals. The cloth moves forward from left to right. Two and one-half yards of thread is the average required for a yard of sewing. There is no limit to the number of stitches that may be made in any given time. The driving wheel is graduated ordinarily so as to make five stitches at each tread, so that from six hundred to one thousand stitches per minute are readily made. The bearings and friction surfaces are so slight, that the propelling power required is merely nominal. The rotary hook, feed, bobbin, and other parts at all subject to wear, are made of finely-tempered steel: the other parts of the machine are tastefully ornamented, or heavily silver plated. Thousands are used by seamstresses, dress-makers, tailors, manufacturers of skirts, cloaks, mantillas, clothing, hats, caps, corsets, ladies' gaiters, umbrellas, parasols, silk and linen goods, with complete success; sometimes from one hundred to two hundred are used in a single manufactory. The amount of sewing that an operator may accomplish depends much upon the kind of sewing and her experience; one thousand stitches per minute are readily made, which would form more than a yard of seam with stitches of medium length. Fifty dozens of shirt collars, or six dozens of shirt bosoms are a day's work. Upon straight seams an operator with one machine will perform the work of twenty by hand. The Wheeler & Wilson machine is applicable to every variety of sewing for family wear; from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths. It works equally well upon silk, linen, wool, and cotton goods, seaming, quilting, hemming, gauging, and felling, performing every species of sewing except making button-holes, stitching on buttons, and the like. Its mechanism is the fruit of the highest inventive genius, combined with practical talent of the first order. Its principles have been elaborated with great care, and it involves all the essentials required in a family sewing machine. It is simple and thorough in construction, elegant in model and finish, facile in management, easy, rapid, and quiet in operation, and reflects additional credit upon American mechanical skill."

For economy of power, ease of management, variety of adaptation, and speed of execution, Wheeler & Wilson's machine, with its latest improvements, no doubt surpasses all others for family use. One-third discount is made on a single machine to clergymen; and the proprietors will be glad to supply all orders from them.

Should any new invention be made which shall combine superior elements of success and utility, we shall give the information to our readers.

1700

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